7TH HEAVEN • TOY STORY 2

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IN THIS ISSUE WE HURL ALL OVER

HARRY POTTER

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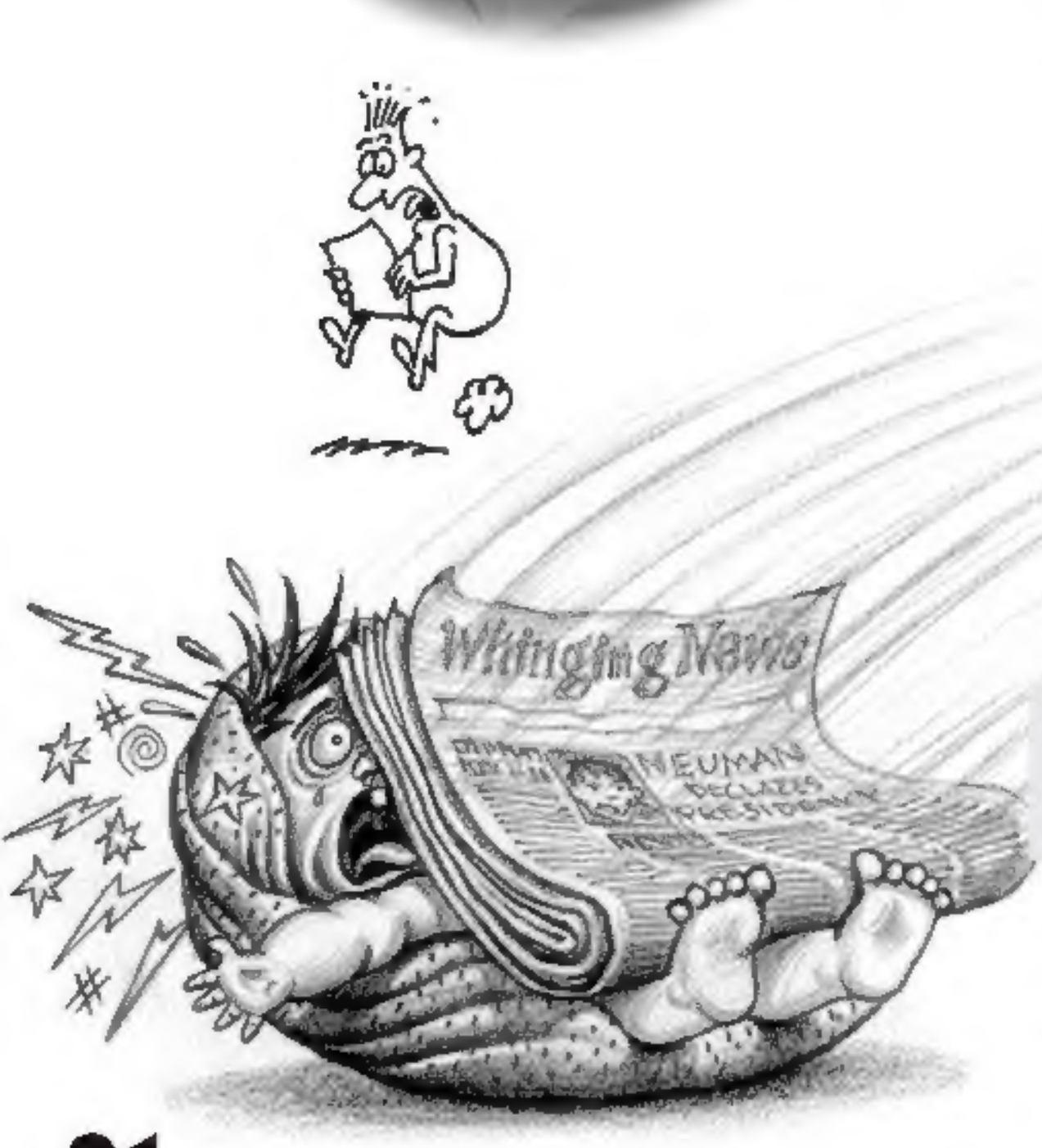
MAD

NUMBER 391

MARCH 2000



VEY TO GO
by P.C. Vey

"YOU BETTER HURRY UP AND LEAVE. MY PARENTS JUST CAME HOME."

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TWO DUMB COVERS...

100 PAGES!

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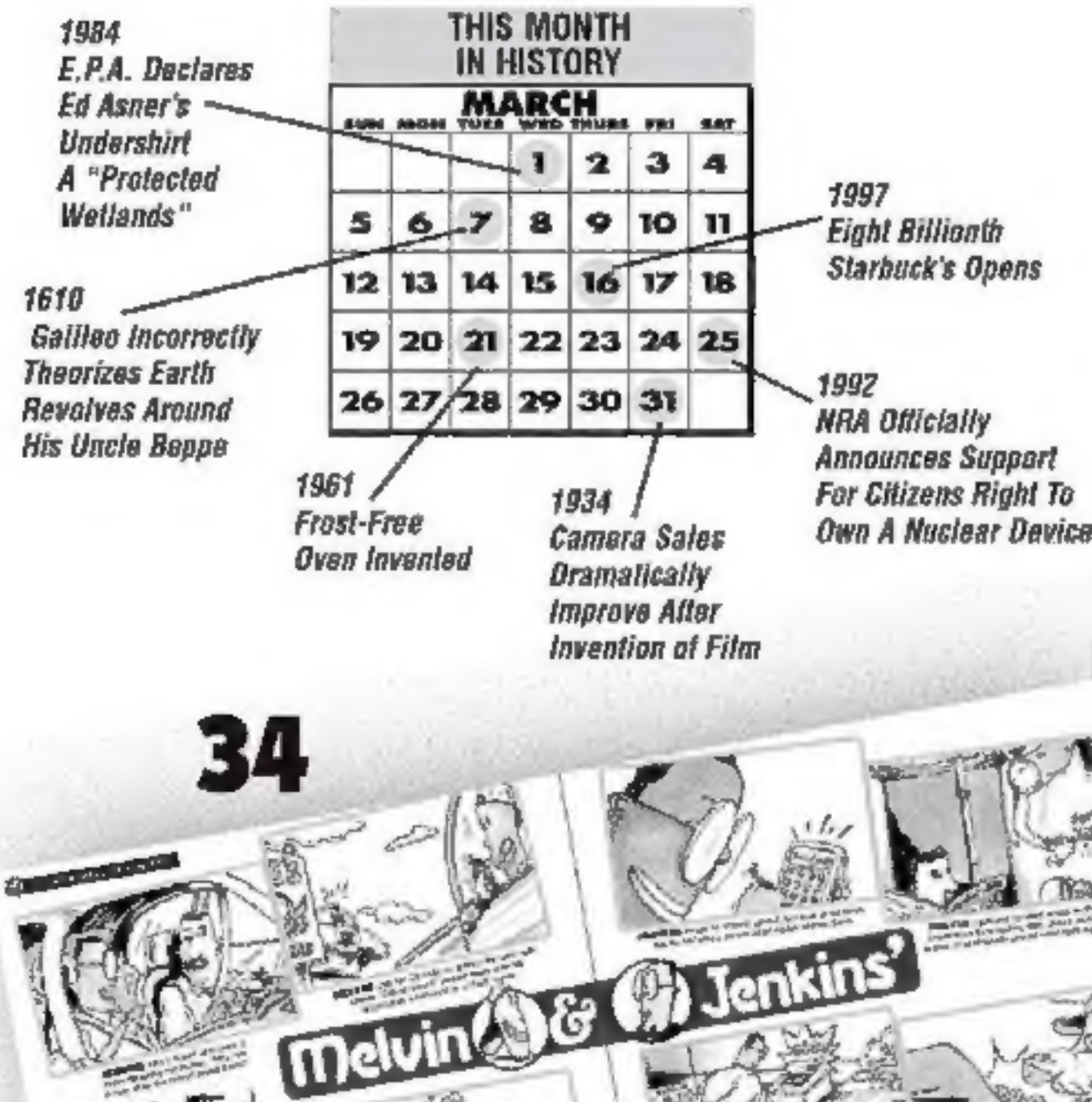
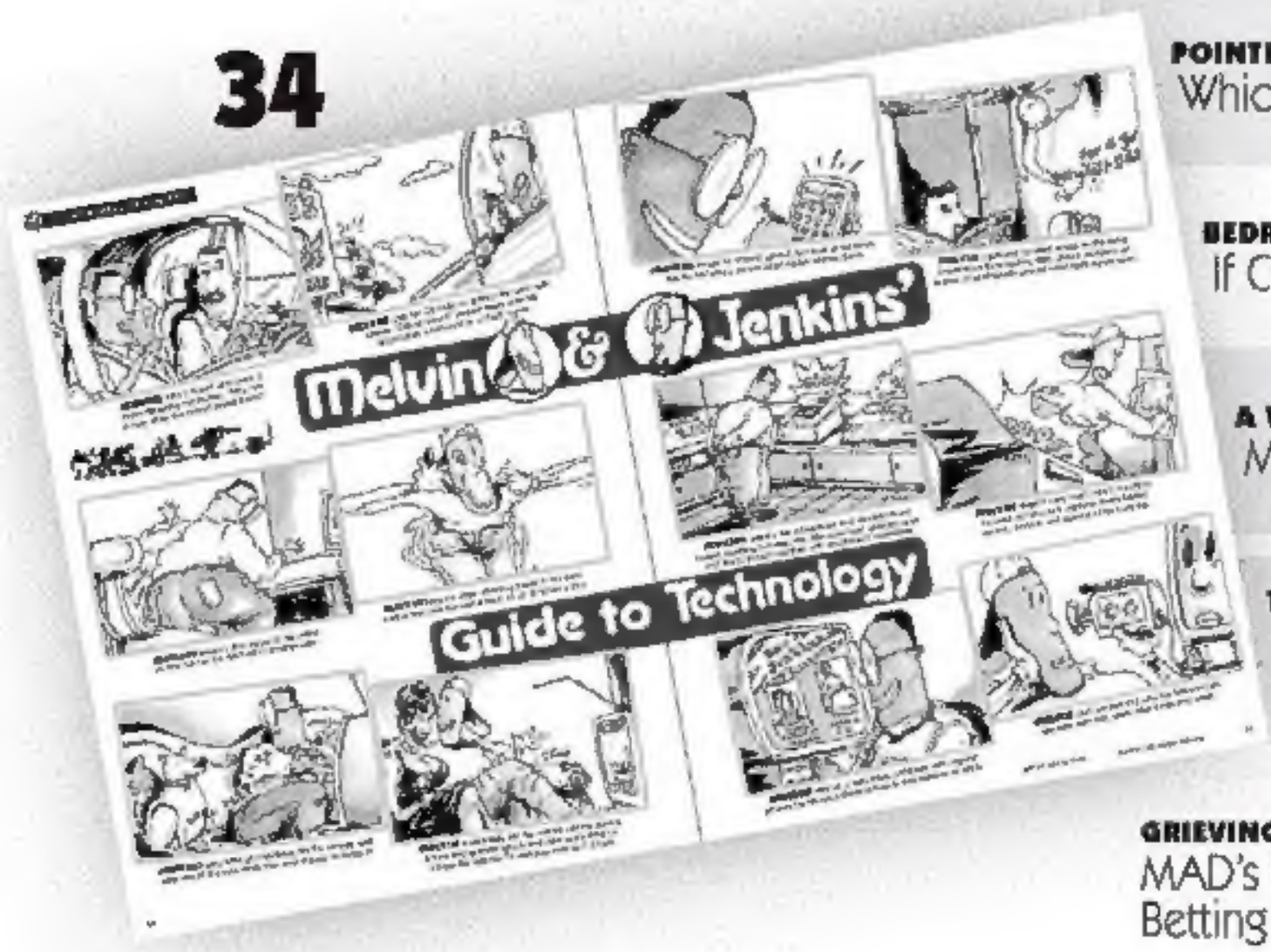

THIS MONTH IN HISTORY
MARCH
1984 E.P.A. Declares Ed Asner's Undershirt A "Protected Wetlands"
1610 Galileo Incorrectly Theorizes Earth Revolves Around His Uncle Beppe
1961 Frost-Free Oven Invented
1934 Camera Sales Dramatically Improve After Invention of Film
1997 Eight Billionth Starbuck's Opens
1992 NRA Officially Announces Support For Citizens Right To Own A Nuclear Device



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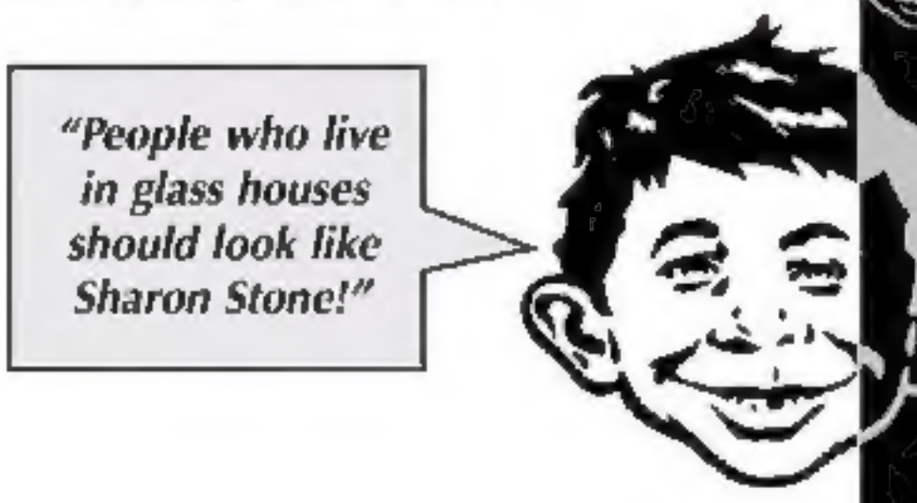

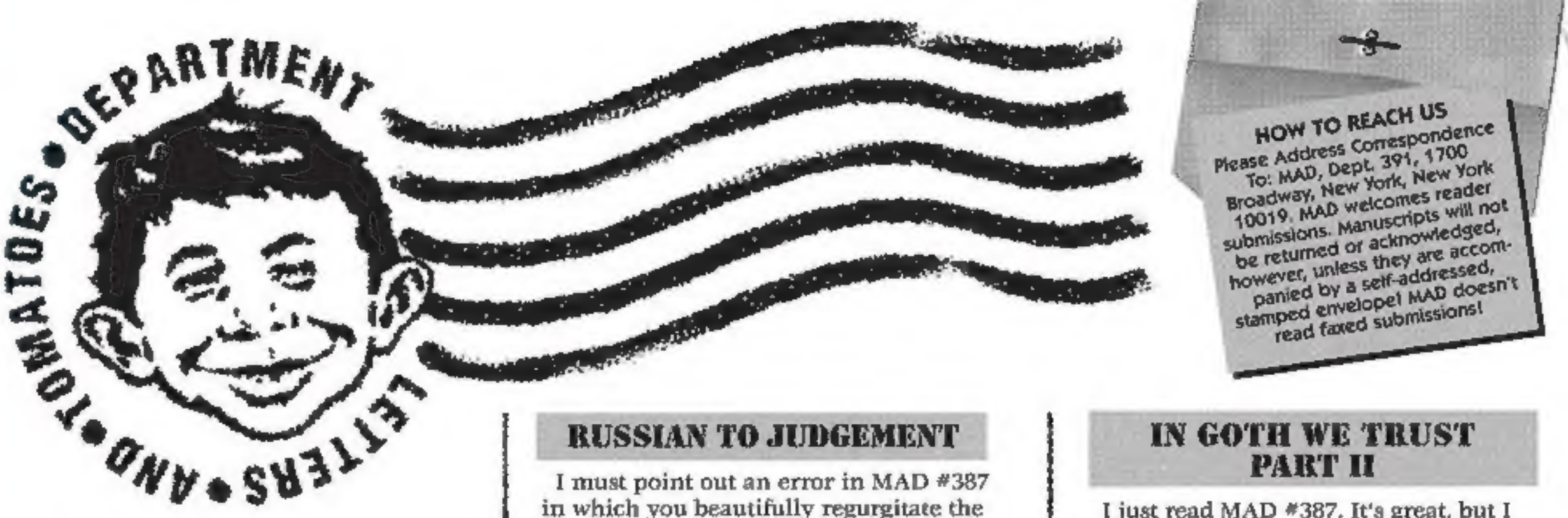

HOW TO REACH US

Please Address Correspondence To: MAD, Dept. 391, 1700 Broadway, New York, New York 10019. MAD welcomes reader submissions. Manuscripts will not be returned or acknowledged, however, unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope! MAD doesn't read faxed submissions!

PESO WHAT?

In "Monroe &...South of the Border" (MAD #387) you state that 70,000 pesos equals four U.S. dollars. Actually, since the Peso was reevaluated in 1992, 70,000 pesos would be just under $7,000 U.S. At least that's what my boss tells me ever since I immigrated here illegally!

Brian Katcher, Pachuca, Mexico

Bri — Oh my God! 70,000 pesos = 7,000 dollars? Do you realize what that means? On our last trip to Cabo we paid over $10,000 for two Chalupas and a couple of Tequila shots! Damn that Clinton and his World Trade Organization! —Señor Ed.

RUSSIAN TO JUDGEMENT

I must point out an error in MAD #387 in which you beautifully regurgitate the 20th Century. You say Czar Nicholas II "was overthrown and replaced by Lenin." Not so. After conflicts with the Duma, Nick the Deuce abdicated March 15, 1917 and was placed under house arrest. On September 15th, Premier Alexander Kerensky proclaimed a provisional government of socialists and moderates with himself as President. Communists Leon Trotsky and V.I. Lenin staged a coup November 8th and forced out Kerensky. He spent his final years in the U.S. The Communists executed plain Nicholas Romanov and his family in mid-1918, but they can't be given credit for "overthrowing" the Czar.

Tim Richard, Bear Lake, MI

Comrade Tim — Blah, blah, blah, blah. It is said that history repeats itself, from which we draw the following conclusion: One day in our future we will get a second letter about Russian history that nobody cares about from some durak (that's Russian for "dork," you dork) in Bear Lake, MI. Lay off the borscht and Stoli and see ya in Red Square! —Czar Ed.

IN GOTH WE TRUST PART II

I just read MAD #387. It's great, but I found a response to a letter from Colin Smith of Missoula, MT by your guest Ed., Rev. Buford Sweetspot pathetic and unwittingly sad. First of all, your Rev. Ed. is confusing Goths, Witches and Pagans with a group of individuals that call themselves "Satanic Worshippers," which in reality are a bunch of confused Christians that can't seem to surpass the limitations that have been placed on them by an organized religion that ain't even 2,000 years old. Satan was created only in Christian mythology to control people with fear and oppression. You see, life is a circle that doesn't end. Everything you put out will come back to you. I study a lot, even the different religions. I'm a Witch, Pagan and Gothic. I am everything and I am nothing. I know the truth for what it really is.

Luis Ramirez (Pagan and Proud)
Tenn. Colony, TX

Luis — We took the liberty of forwarding your letter to Rev. Buford Sweetspot of Orlano, FL. Guest Ed. Rev. Sweetspot responds: So, "Pagan and proud" are we? Let me just say this, you godless freak, enjoy your pleasures of the flesh, enjoy your mocking of organized religion while you can! For in the great book God has put a special doo-hickey next to your name! He will turn up the furnace burners of Hell to the extra-high setting for you! Your waterproof mascara will run all the way down to your socks and you will taste the black gravy of the Lord's sweet revenge. Your soul is toast! You're gonna burn, burn, burn! Hallelujah and Praise the Lord! Thanks for writing! —Rev. Ed.

PIPE-A PERSONALITY

I have never been in an anal enough mood to write you, but while reading issue #388 I encountered something which bothered me greatly. On page 42 David Berg depicts a patient in a doctor's office who states he doesn't smoke, but is holding a pipe in his mouth. Does this depiction hint toward a deeper meaning, or did you guys just screw up?

Mark Mayeski, Nampa, ID

Marcus — Thanks for your astute letter. We've contacted David Berg and he has made the following change. Please feel free to cut it out and paste it in your issue! —Ed.

Kaputnik, if you want to live to be a hundred, you can't drink, smoke, keep late hours or chase after women!
But I don't do any of those things, Doctor!
NEW! CUT AND PASTE!
If you don't smoke then why in God's name do you have a freakin' pipe hanging out of your mouth?
David Berg

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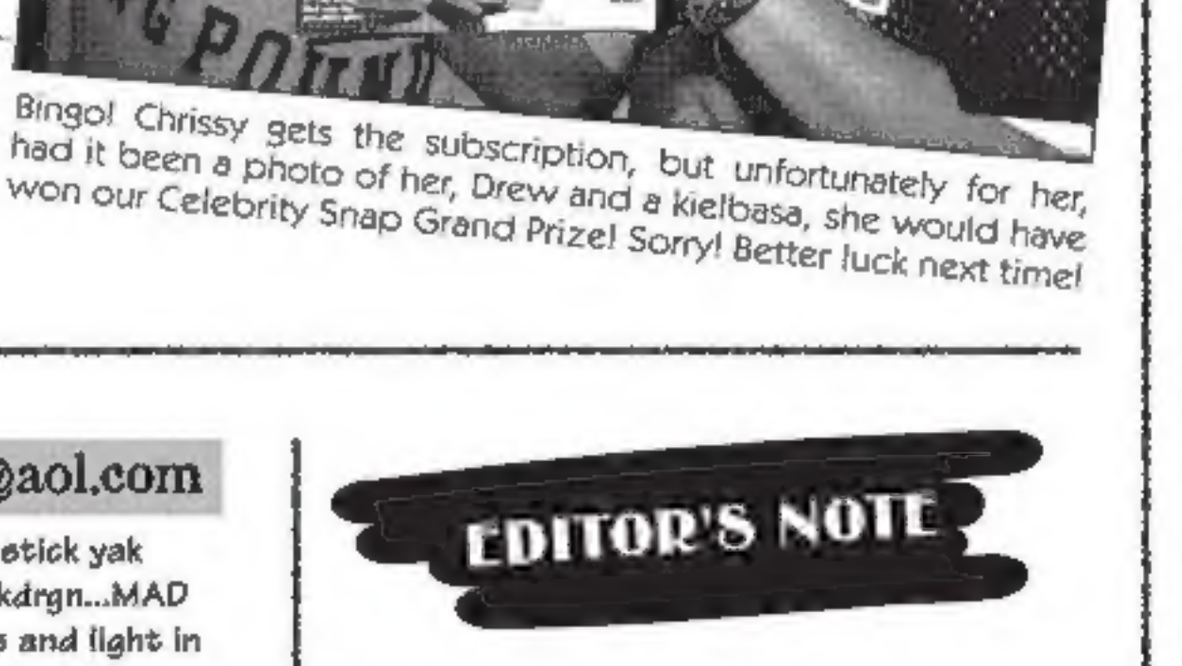
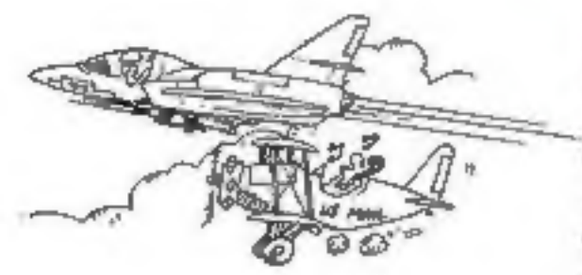
MAD CELEBRITY SNAPS

I recently met Drew Carey when he was in Cleveland filming his sitcom and I am enclosing a picture of me and Drew Carey holding, guess what? No, not a kielbasa, a MAD Magazine! I hope this meets with your approval for the three-year subscription.

Chris Stepinski,
Parma Heights, OH



Bingo! Chrissy gets the subscription, but unfortunately for her, had it been a photo of her, Drew and a kielbasa, she would have won our Celebrity Snap Grand Prize! Sorry! Better luck next time!



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Contributing Artists And Writers
the usual gang of idiots

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MAD MUMBLINGS @aol.com

Sometimes when I'm lonely I stick yak cheese up my nose — Zendlikdrgn...MAD is the source of all goodness and light in my life! — Nort893...Sometimes I feel like a midget on a lizard — LarKhan666... I wear a pink tutu to keep the evil potato king away — Airbear182...Have you ever read that book called "How to Read"? — Spy Bandit...One of these days I'll win that Rhinoceros — Molluck...Every time I turn on the computer, I smell tapioca. Do you? — SirDiesel...The purple Play-Doh definitely tastes best — JRD369...I hope that after I die people will say of me: "That guy sure owed a lot of money" — Jester354...MAD kills brain cells, and I like it! — PBDoughbo1...These magic pants are defective — GoodBik...Windex and blue Kool-aid are not the same thing — Errr19...Tell the stapler to stop humming — Bunnie2567...I once stuck a dollar up my nose...In pennies! — Comnute25...The closet is looking at me — MagicCody.

EDITOR'S NOTE

Well, it would appear that bumbling Godfrey has struck again! As several eagle-eyed readers wrote in to complain, the writer and artist credits were missing on "Monroe &...Christmas" (#389). But being that EVERY STINKING Monroe in its history has been illustrated by Bill Wray and written by Tony Barbieri, it shouldn't take a rocket scientist to figure out they were the culprits. Godfrey just totally screwed up the credit on "Sean 'Puffy' Combs' Day Planner" (#388). That masterpiece was illustrated by first-time MAD contributor Andre Leroy Davis.

"Bumbling Godfrey"

A MAN OF THE FROTH DEPT.

The WB (Watched Barely) Network has a "sleeper" (watch it for twenty minutes and you'll be asleep) hit on its hands about a minister, his wife and their seven kids. Unfortunately, this show is so overly sentimental and sickeningly sweet that after you've watched it for six minutes you'll be on your...

I'm **Cleric Crammed-in**, pastor of **Glenjoke Community Church!** Even though I'm a **man of the cloth**, I'm **out** of the **cloth** a lot — I've got **seven kids** and I'm still **going strong!** As a **religious man**, I believe in **miracles** — like the fact that this show is still **on the air** after **three super-schmaltzy seasons!**

NO BINGO NITE

AS USUAL

I'm **Mutt, first-born** of the seven Crammed-in kids! I'm **happy** to go to **church** with my **family**, because at least for the **hour** my Dad's in the **pulpit** he **can't** be getting my **Mom pregnant again!**

I'm **Merely**, the **oldest daughter** in the family! My parents say **each** of us **kids** is a **miracle** — which makes me the **biggest miracle** of all, since I'm **18** and still a **virgin!**

BLIND PEW

MAX'S DELICATESSEN

I'm **Loopy**, a typical **boy-crazy 16-year-old!** I love **being 16** because it means I can **drive!** And I love being able to **drive** because **every car** has a **back seat!** Did I mention I was **boy-crazy?**

I'm **Simple!** I'm **13**, and the **middle child** of the family! Some **middle kids** do **strange things** to get **attention**, but not me! I'm happy just being a **fine young Christian** taking his **weekly Bar Mitzvah lessons!**

I'm **Rudely** Crammed-in! I'm the **sweet, innocent, YOUNGEST Crammed-in kid!** At least I **WAS**, until our **@#$%-ing producers** added those **@#%$-ing twins** to the family!

7th Heaving

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: DENNIS SNEE

I'm **Antsy!** As a **mother of seven,** I look **pretty good**...unless I take off my **clothes!** I have so many **stretch marks** my stomach looks like a **street map** of **downtown Fresno**...drawn by a **nine-year-old**... on a **roller coaster!**

We're the twins — **Harry** and **David!** We **don't do much** on this show! Of course, judging by the **scripts,** neither do the **writers!**

I'm Cleric's dad, the **Major Pain!** As a **retired military man,** I'm not just a recurring family **authority figure** — I'm also the **first** in an **unending parade** of **has-been TV actors** this show employs every week to inject some **life** into this series! Call it "**Mission VERY Impossible**"!

MAD

CHURCHMOUSE

ONE IS NOT ENOUGH

HIC!

MAX KORN

I'm Antsy's dad, **Chuckles!** I have **no idea** why my daughter's had **all these kids,** although as a girl she did love those **Flintstone-shaped fertility pills** we used to give her!

I'm **Sappy!** I hear they're having me **spayed** this season! Antsy's had **seven kids** and **I'M** the one getting **fixed?** Now I know how **Bill Clinton's dog** must've felt!

I'm **Julep,** Cleric's sister and a **recovering alcoholic!** My nieces and nephews always **looked up to me** — mainly 'cause of all the times they'd see me **up on a ladder, hiding** a **bottle** somewhere!

Hey! Who said you could wear my sweater, you clothes hog!?

Who said you could wear my hair clips, you accessory moocher!?

Mom, make her take that off!

Tell her to give me my clips, Dad!

That's enough! You both need some patience, consideration and a hug...

Why do we need a hug...?

Because a hug makes everything okay, and that's what this show is about! Plus, it's the perfect gift: one size fits all, and nobody minds if you return it!

Say, Dad, before you wrote sermons did you write for *The Barney Show?*

HUG A TREE

Mom, can we get some ice cream?

No, dear.

Can we get some cookies?

No, dear.

Can we get some candy?

Rudely, I told you — this shopping trip is for household necessities only...

DON'T TOUCH THE FLIES

...Milk, bread, and home pregnancy tests!

Mutt, if you kinda liked a girl, but she wasn't perfect, would you still like her?

Of course! I was in love with a deaf girl — remember? And another girlfriend I had was battered by her own brother!

So if you really liked a girl, it wouldn't matter if she were a little overweight?

Hold on! A fat chick?! That's where we draw the line! Dating handicapped babes gets political correctness points, which are good for ratings! But "big and beautiful"? No way!

VICTORIA

Rudely, before we eat, would you say Grace?

Sure, Dad, I'd be happy to...

Chicken's great,
And corn's a winner,
I promise not
To be a sinner!

Hmm...so she IS reading that copy of *Children's Prayers by Jesse Jackson* we gave her!

So, how was **every-body's day** today ..?

Well, I **convinced** my friend **Tommy** not to **smoke cigarettes** anymore!

I **talked** to **Lauren** and **Jill** about the dangers of **heavy petting!**

I explained the **hazards** of **binge drinking** to my college **buddies!**

I **shot down** the idea of watching **R-rated videos** at our **sleep-over** this weekend!

I'm so **proud** of you kids! Hey, after dinner, why don't we do **something together** — just as a **family?**

Why not? We don't have **much ELSE** to do — all our **friends** decided that we're **too boring** to **hang out** with!

Y2K LEFTOVERS AGAIN...

Cleric, as **head** of the **Glenjoke Church Board of Elders**, I have a **problem!** Since you became pastor, we haven't gotten any **new parishioners!**

Gosh! Is it my **leader-ship?** Or my **sermons?**

No, it's **your family!** When they're all at church, there's **no room** for any new **parishioners!**

APSE ⇦ KNAVE ⇨

The kids are **all asleep** — why don't we **go upstairs** and I'll show you my new "**naughty nun**" **outfit...**

No, I think all this **lovey-dovey stuff** with us is sending our kids a **false message!**

The fact that their **parents love each other** isn't "**false**"!

No, but the **idea** that **two people** can't keep their **hands off each other** after **20 years** of **marriage** is!

I'm **Cleric Crammed-in** and this is my **wife,** Antsy

We got a call that our **son, Simple,** is being **detained** on suspicion of **shoplifting...**

Yep! He left the **video store** with this **unpaid-for video** in his **backpack!**

Simple, I'm **VERY dis-appointed** in you!

B-b-but I **MEANT** to pay for that copy of **The Best of Eight is Enough!**

The Best of Eight is Enough!? Hey, our show can **DEFINITELY** steal some **ideas** from that! **Way to go,** Simple!

The Best of EIGHT is ENOUGH

Can I just pay you for the tape now, Officer Coleman?

Pay me? I should pay you! This cameo appearance will qualify me for another whole year of Screen Actors' Guild health insurance!

The VIDEO SHOP

Oh, Brandon...

Oh, Loopy...

You're really, really special to me..

I feel the same way about you

Loopy, considering the way we feel, do you ever think about you and me, um...having sex?

No, not really .

. it's hard to seriously consider sex when my parents still insist that all our dates have to be in my living room!

We got here as fast as we could, Mom — I can't believe Dad's been electrocuted!

Was he thrown on a subway track? Or was it a mal-functioning light switch?

No — the death row inmate your father was counseling went to the electric chair today, and your Dad tried squeeze in one last hug!

ER

...so you see, Cleric, you and Antsy shouldn't think of this as "being replaced" —

You should think of it as "being recalled by the home office"! Even God finds you both too good to be true!

I guess killing us off will make a heck of a "very special episode" for Sweeps —

But we're not ready to become angels!

You may not be ready, but believe me, the AUDIENCE is!

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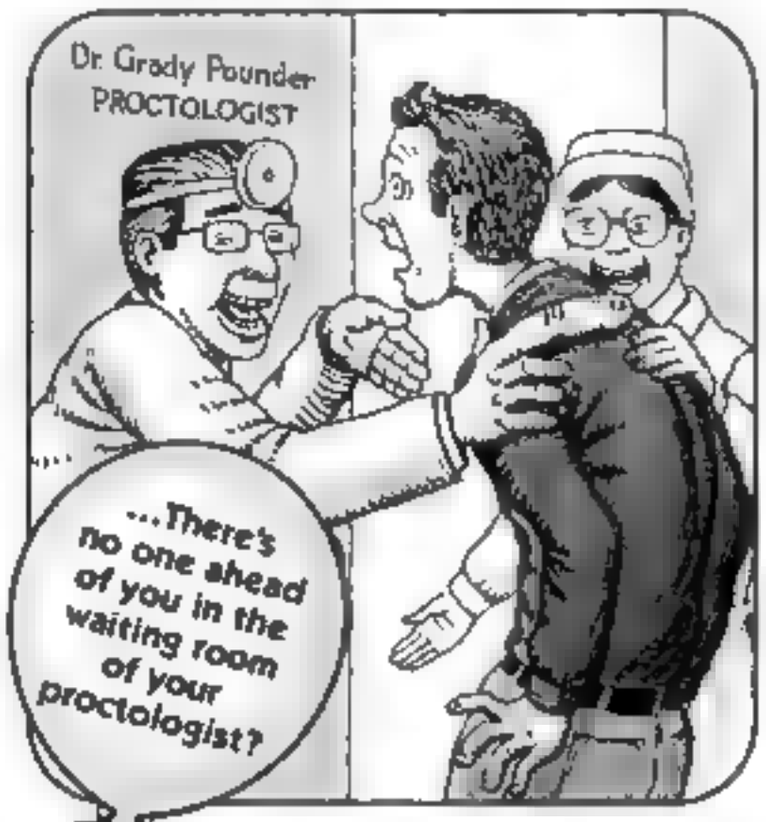
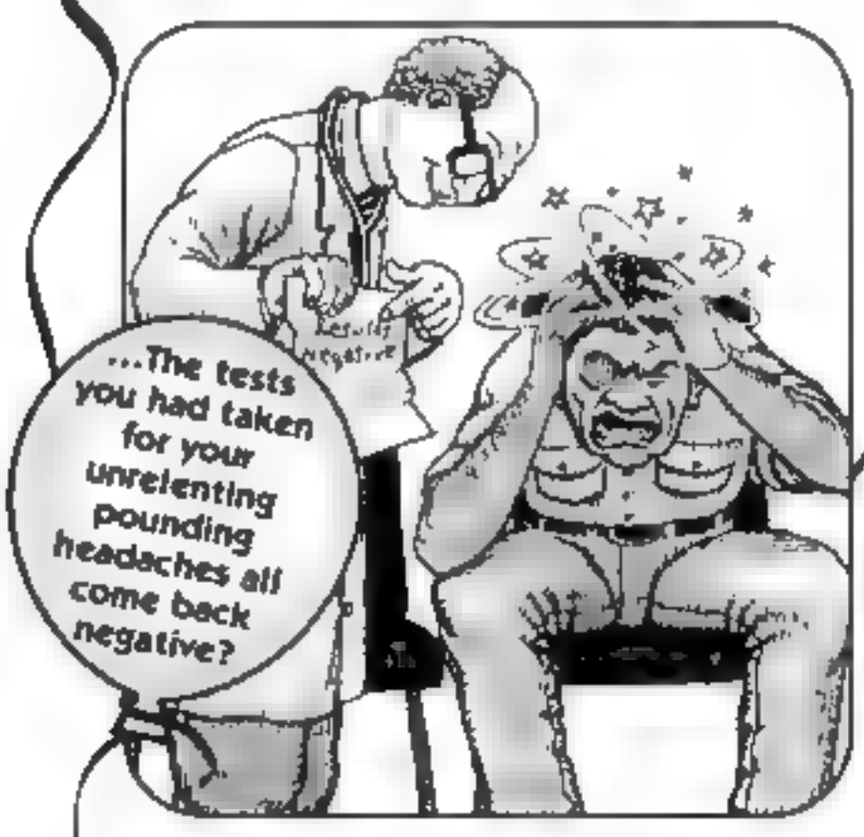
WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO

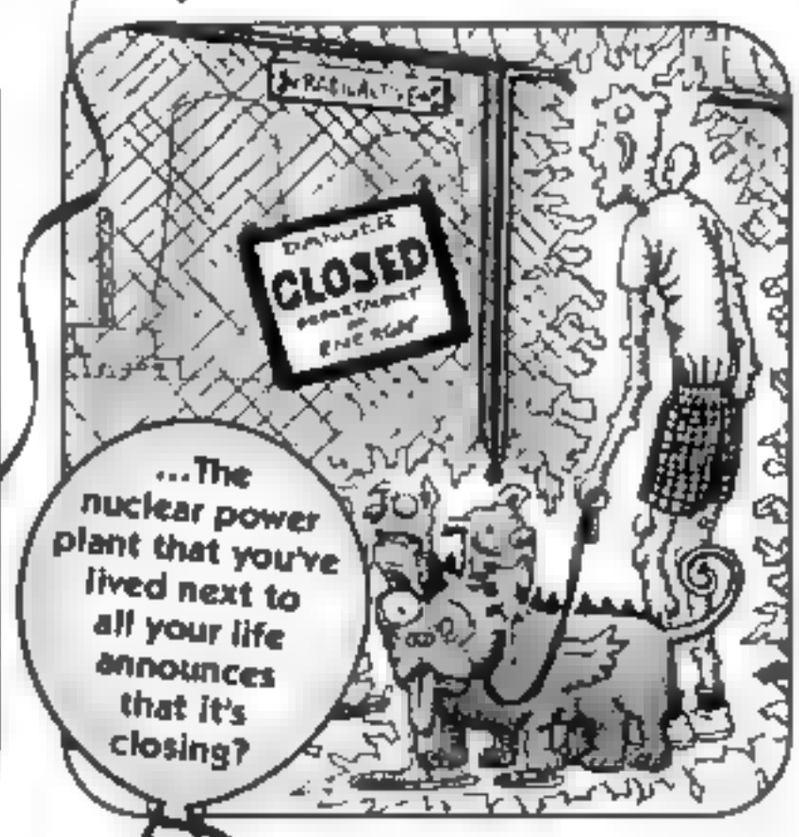
IT'S A WIN-WINCE SITUATION DEPT.

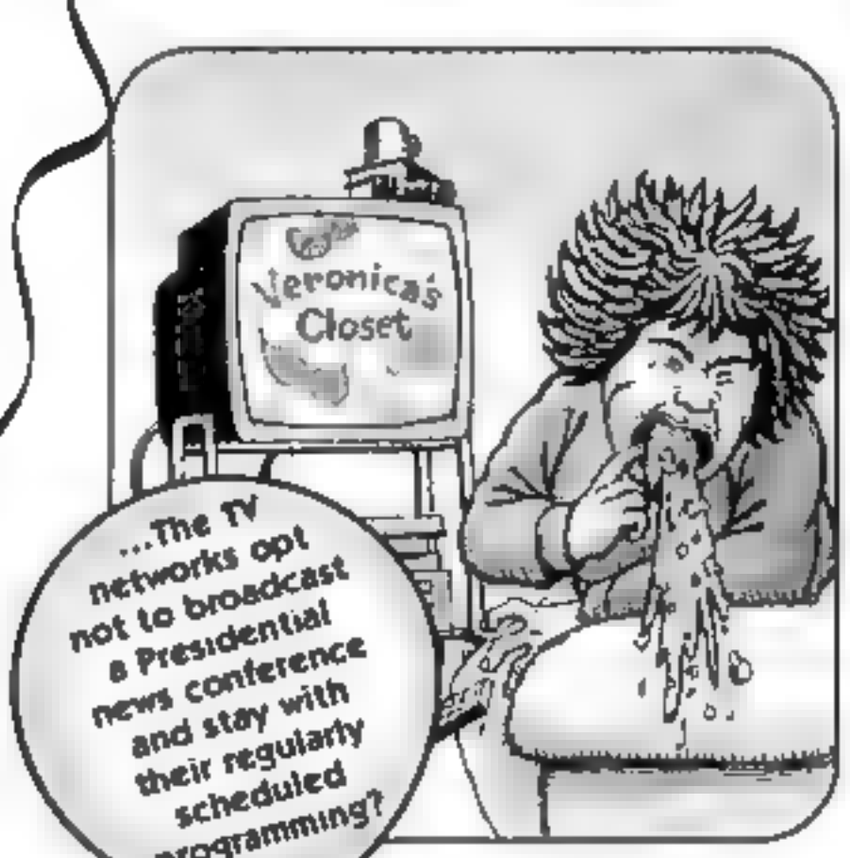
If you're over the age of four, you've probably realized by now that Life is little more than an endless string of miserable indignities and embarrassing misfortunes that make you question why you were ever placed on this crappy little planet in the first place. But occasionally (just occasionally) the Fates seem to take pity on you and it appears that something *pleasant* has actually happened. But before you get too excited, you may want to pause and think about the big picture! In other words, ask yourself:

Is It Really Cause For








Veronica's Closet
...The TV networks opt not to broadcast a Presidential news conference and stay with their regularly scheduled programming?

La Ral
OPEN
...There's an article in the paper that your favorite restaurant for the past two years has corrected its numerous health violations and has reopened?

Celebration When...

ARTIST: JAMES WARHOLA WRITER: J. PREYS

...You're let out of school early, again, because of another bomb threat?

...The rental clerk tells you he has one pair of bowling shoes left — and they're your size?

... Prison officials try to cut down on the number of beatings you get by moving you into solitary confinement?

...You hit the "$100,000 a Year for Life" lottery after playing the serial numbers on your life support respirator?

...A hooker gives you a freebie for being such a good customer?

...You finally win a radio call-in contest — free tickets to a Hanson concert?

...Your kid is accepted into a college that's gonna cost you over $30,000 a year in tuition, plus books?

...The window bars you installed have successfully kept burglars from breaking into your home several times?

...You lost so much weight on his diet program that Richard Simmons personally wants to come to your house?

ANGSTER'S PARADISE DEPT.

There comes a time in a young man's life when he no longer needs to go outside and play. In fact, he pretty much prefers to stay inside and play.

MONTAGE

CLASS, AS YOUR HEALTH TEACHER, I UNDERSTAND THAT YOUR *BODIES* MAY BE GOING THROUGH SOME *CHANGES* AND YOU'RE AT A *CONFUSED* AGE. UNDERSTAND?

YES, MR. IACONO.

OUTLET OR ADDICTION?

NO, YOU *DON'T*. THAT'S WHY YOU ARE *"CONFUSED"*! BUT YOU WON'T BE AFTER READING ONE OF THESE *INSTRUCTIONAL HANDBOOKS*!

KNOWING YOUR CHANGING BODY a fully illustrated HANDBOOK

RRRIIINNGG

ALL RIGHT, CLASS. HAVE A NICE WEEKEND. AND *DON'T FORGET* TO *STUDY*!

WAM!

THIS IS SO *OUTRAGEOUSLY* BOGUS! ALL RIGHT, *FINE*! I'LL *READ* THE DAMN BOOK!

CHAPTER ONE *"EXPLORING YOUR BODY"...?* *WHOA!*

WATCHA READING, MONTY? ONE OF THEM *HARDY BOY QUEER BOOKS*?

NO! I MEAN... NOTHING.

BURST!

WHAT'S GOING *ON* HERE?! WHY AREN'T YOU *STUDYING*?!

UH. I WAS.

THE BOY'S FIXIN' TO GIVE HISSELF A *"SPIT-SHINE."*

WHAT?! NOW IS THAT GONNA *HELP* YOUR *GRADES*?!

BUT... BUT...

YEP. YOU'RE YOUR *FATHER'S SON* ALL RIGHT!

Chapter 4 — *Your developing breasts*

and... HEALTH CLASS

AH, SATURDAY! I'M HITTING THE ARCADE! *LATER!*

JUST A MINUTE, YOUNG MAN! DON'T YOU HAVE ANY *HOMEWORK?*

SINCE WHEN DO YOU *CARE?*

SINCE YOUR LOUSY GRADES MADE THE SCHOOL CALL *ME* IN TO "*TALK*"! I'M THROUGH MISSING *HAPPY HOUR* TO *HANG OUT* WITH YOUR TEACHERS!

BUT --

NO BUTS! *HOMEWORK*, MISTER! *NOW!*

GIMME THAT! WHAT TH- "*HANDBOOK?!*" "*BODY?!*"

IT'S *HOMEWORK!*

HOMEWORK, HELL! YER FIXIN' TO GROW HAIR ON YER PALMS OR GO BLIND, BOY! YOU WANNA END UP WITH BI-FOCALS?!

CAN YOU *LEAVE* NOW?

GIRL! GET YOUR BUTT IN HERE! SEE WHAT YOUR SON IS *DOIN'!*

WELL, WELL, WELL. LOOK WHO JUST WALKED IN. THE MAN WHO TAUGHT OUR BOY HOW TO TAKE A TRIP SOUTH OF THE *EQUATOR!*

BUT, MOM, HE DIDN'T --

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?! IF THE BOY IS *PICKLING* HIS *CUKE*, IT AIN'T GOT NOTHING TO DO WITH *ME!*

LOOK, I'M *NOT* --

ALL I KNOW IS, YOU WERE THE *KING* OF THE *ONE-FISTED KNOCKOUT* WHEN WE WERE MARRIED!

WELL, MAYBE IF YOU'D *STEPPED* IN THE RING ONCE IN A WHILE --

ARTIST: BILL WRAY WRITER: ANTHONY BARBIERI

MONROE

I'M OUTTA HERE!

OH THAT'S VERY *"MATURE"!* YOU'RE GOING TO SEE A *COUNSELOR* MONDAY! YOU'RE A *SICK* BOY!

AW, LET THE BOY *ALONE!* SON, YOU HAVE YOURSELF A GOOD OL' TIME IN THE TROPICS.

YES, WE GET THIS A LOT. HE'S AT *THAT* AGE.

I'M *NOT* AT *ANY AGE.*

COUNSELOR

HMMM... *DENIAL.*

FINE! *BELIEVE* WHAT YOU *WANNA* BELIEVE! I'M A TWO-STROKE ENGINE! I'M GRILLING UP A FRANK! I'M MEETING SANTA AT THE NORTH POLE...!

...I'M POLISHING THE SILVER! I'M CELEBRATING SAT DAY AT THE BALL-PARK...!

I'LL JUST PUT THE *P.A. MICROPHONE* HERE...

AWESOME! HEH HEH! *HERE* WE GO!

...I LOVE MAKING A BANANA SPLIT... UNTYING MY FLY... JOCKEYING FOR POLE POSITION...HOISTING THE FLAG OF ME...GETTING MY AFFAIRS STRAIGHT... GREASING MY AXLE.. SHARPENING MY PENCIL ..

I *FREAKIN'* ROCK!

SPRING!

THAT'S *SO ILL!*

...YEAH AND I LIKE BOYS, TOO, LIKE MR. IACONO, THE HEALTH TEACHER!

APPARENTLY THERE *IS.* AND CLASS, FROM NOW ON, WE WILL *REFER* TO IT AS "DOING THE MONROE," *GOT IT?*

MR. IACONO, IS THERE SUCH A *THING* AS *TOO MUCH...* UM, YOU KNOW ..

"DOING THE MONROE"? *COOL!*

HEY, DYLAN, WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU "*DID THE MONROE?*"

I FEEL LIKE DOING THE MONROE *RIGHT NOW!*

KILL ME. SOMEBODY JUST KILL ME.

FORTUNE SMELLERS DEPT.

You remember the Magic 8-Ball, right? Well, maybe not the first time around, but it's back as part of the "annoying retro" fad revivals our culture constantly goes through! However, we think the answers should be updated just a bit, so here's MAD's...

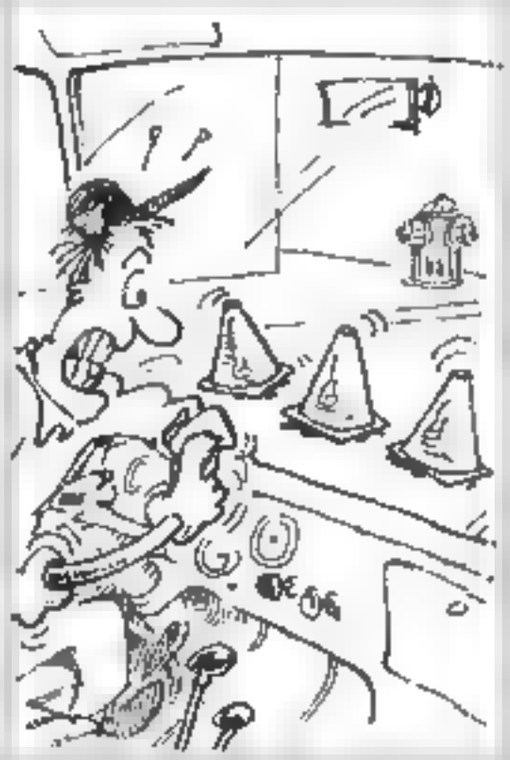
MAGIC 8 BALL ANSWERS FOR THE NEW MILLENNIUM

THAT DEPENDS ON WHAT YOUR DEFINITION OF "IS" IS
YES, THAT IS MY FINAL ANSWER
YOU ONLY ASKED ME THAT BECAUSE I'M BLACK
ANSWER HAZY
THAT QUESTION BITES. ASK A DIFFERENT ONE
REMEMBER: THERE ARE NO DUMB QUESTIONS... EXCEPT FOR YOURS
DON'T BE SUCH A DICKWEED
YOU CAN'T HANDLE THE TRUTH
JUST DO IT!
THE ANSWER CAN BE YOURS FOR $2.99 THE FIRST MINUTE, $1.95 EACH ADDITIONAL MINUTE
WHAT PART OF "NO" DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?
DON'T EVEN GO THERE
BAD CELLULAR CONNECTION. ASK AGAIN

ARTIST: LISA HANSY WRITER: JEFF KRUSE

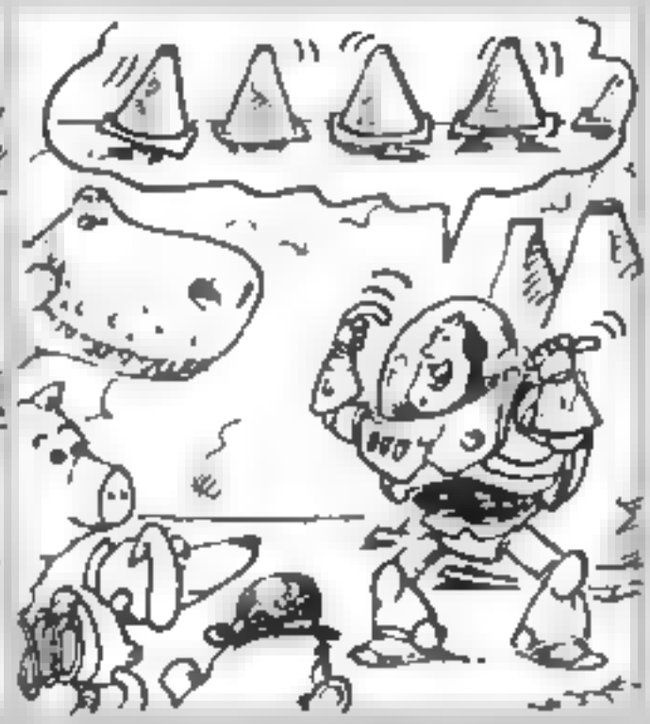
SERGE-IN GENERAL DEPT

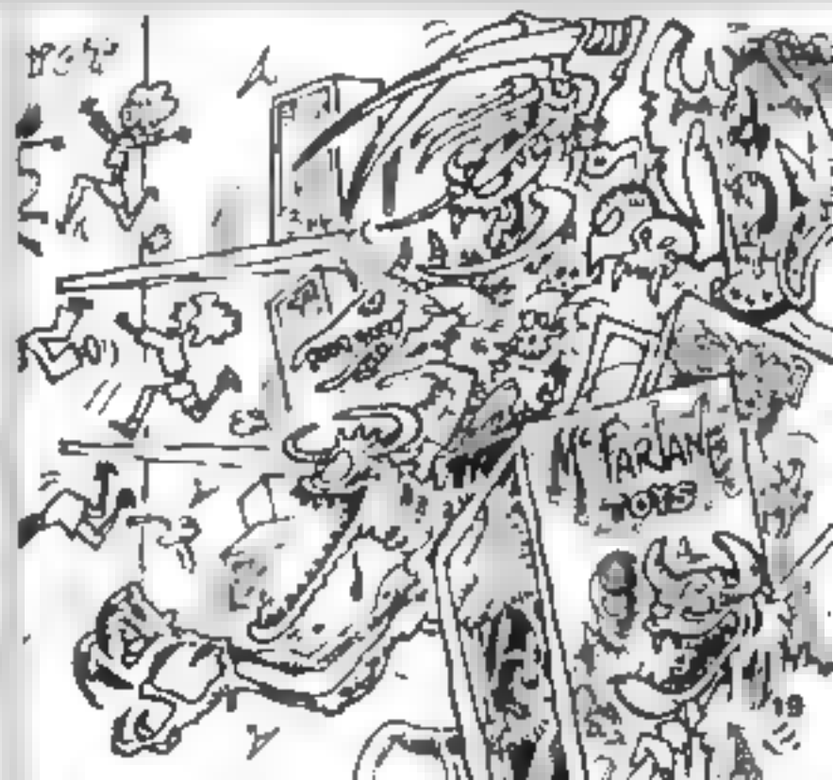
A MAD LOOK



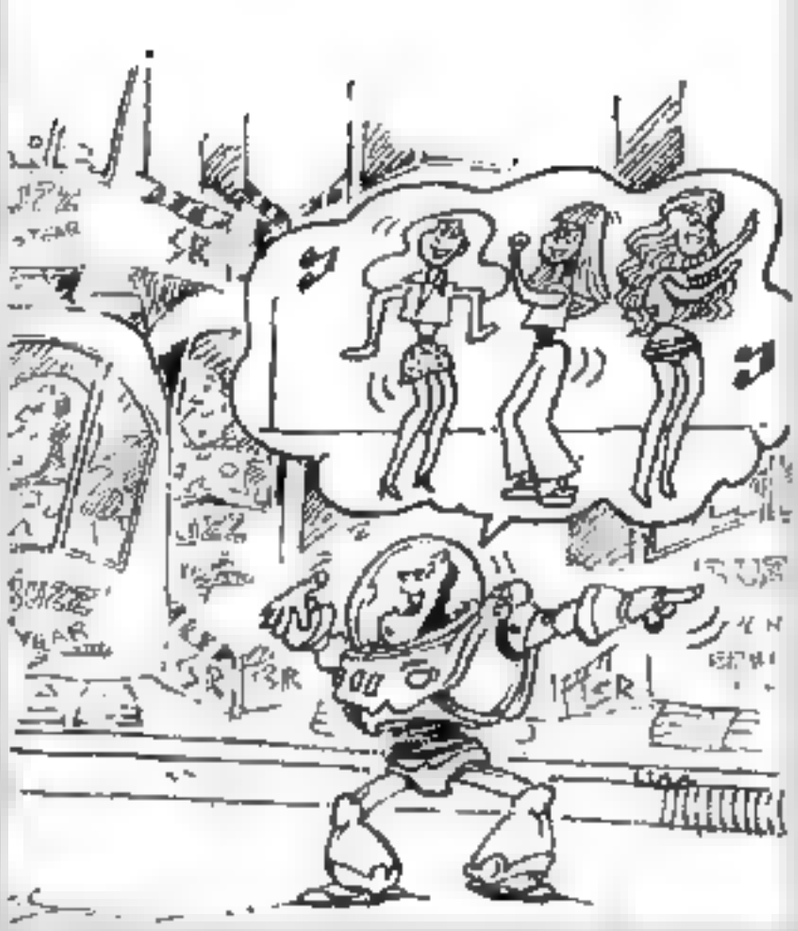
ARTIST AND WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

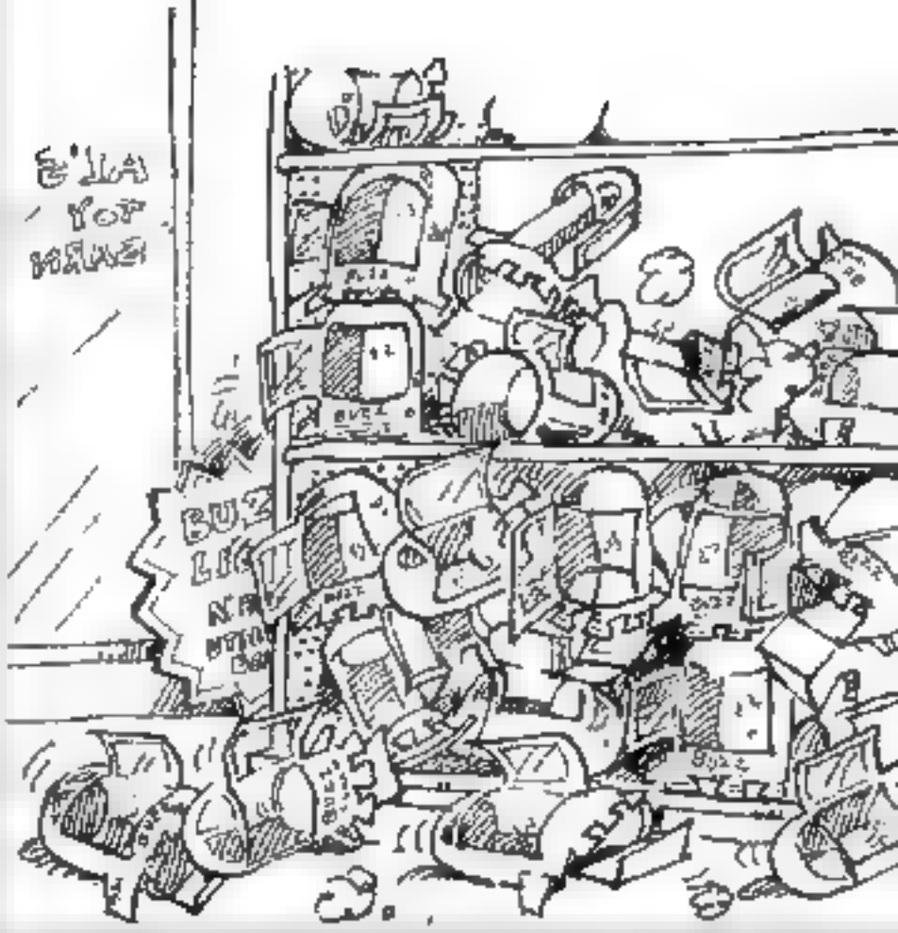
AT TOY STORY 2





BUZZ





Pokémon

THE BLUNDERFUL WIZARD IS ODD DEPT.

The biggest success in publishing today is J.K. Rowling's *Harry Potter* series, which has been hailed for its imagination while making kids *want* to read. So naturally, the fulltime complainers and religiosos are trying to ban it (along with books by those other dangerous creeps Mark Twain and Dr Seuss). They hate *Harry Potter* because of all his blasphemous, hocus-pocus witchcraft. They'd prefer that kids read the Bible, an approved, 100% magic-free book...featuring a main character who walks on water and can turn one fish into thousands! Anyway, we at MAD say GO GET 'EM! They've been trying to shut MAD down for years, so anything that takes the heat off US by diverting their attention is A-OK! In fact, if there's *any* book-hating kooks reading this who somehow *don't* know what a ghastly threat Harry Potter truly is, get ready to burn these next seven pages of MAD, which reveal the true horror of...

HMENDRICK!
OU CAN READ THE ARTICLE WITHOUT STRAINING YOUR NECK. SCH
WAYS LIKE THIS SO YO

NOW THAT WE'VE GOT YOUR ATTENTION, TURN THE MAGAZINE OVER SIDE

ARTIST: JAMES WARHOLA WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN

CHAPTER ONE

BAD NEWS AT THE DOORSTEP

Everett Q. Parsley was a man not given to nonsense. He hadn't so much as cracked a smile since the great diptheria epidemic of '58. In fact, he had no sense of humor of any kind. His job was as the head writer for *Veronica's Closet*. His wife, Emphysema, resembled Mrs. Potatohead, only without the sultry sex appeal and their greedy son, Glockenspiel, looked like a gravy-filled balloon and, oddly, smelled like one.

From around the corner came Alpo Dumbleass, a man whose spectacles sat upon his nose just so. Ordinarily, this wouldn't be worth remarking upon, except that Alpo Dumbleass kept his nose inside a brown paper bag marked "Nose." Around his bony shoulders he wore the Cape of Conundrums, while his pants were held up by the Spinning Suspenders of Siu-Ra. His pockets jingled softly with the Wallet of Inverse Proportions, and the Car Keys That Could Not Die.

In the hand that wasn't carrying the bag with his nose in it, Dumbleass was holding a peculiar bundle. With the other arm (did we mention he had three arms?), he was rubbing his bottom vigorously, trying to restore some feeling to it. "Damnable alley cats in heat," he muttered in an irritated voice. "Next time, I shall disguise myself as a large Doberman instead."

BAD NEWS AT THE DOORSTEP

At the corner of Perfect N. and Faulty, Dumbleass noticed that his Shoe of Mystical Knowledge was loose. He hoisted his loafer onto a fire hydrant to adjust it. Just then, he felt a jolt through his foot.

"Hey, Dumbleass! Move it or lose it!"

"Excellent choice, my dear Professor McGonads. I quite mistook you for the real thing."

"The main trick was hooking up my bowels to the city's water pipes. I haven't retained this much water since I was pregnant with the goblins. Is that the boy?"

"Of course."

"Let me look upon . . . him. It's hard to imagine that such a small thing could . . . well, you know."

"Yes, I doubt that . . . You Know Who . . . realized that he had such . . . *potential.*"

"I wonder whether he will grow up and avenge those poor people who . . . well, perhaps it is best not to speak of such things."

Dumbleass looked worried. "Do you think we can keep this *to-be-continued* crap going for six and a half more books, hinting and alluding to things that might happen, if we sell enough books to get that far?"

McGonads was silent for a moment before replying. "Time will tell."

If Alpo Dumbleass and Professor McGonads made one mistake, it was leaving Harry Plodder on the doorstep on a Saturday night. When the Sunday sun arose, the paperboy never noticed the small bundle with the vaguely unpleasant smell on the doorstep, and heaved a full newspaper directly to the very same spot. And when the Parsley family found him the next morning, flattened under the business section, they noticed the freshness of Harry's unique scar. For Harry Plodder would always have a 25¢-off coupon permanently imprinted on his forehead.

CHAPTER FOUR

LETTERS, WE GET STACKS AND STACKS OF LETTERS

Harry's life with the Parsley family wasn't so bad, once he'd gotten used to it. After he had outgrown the mini-refrigerator he slept in, Mr. Parsley generously allowed him to use the full-sized one upstairs. There was even an old brown head of gooey lettuce that had been overlooked in the bottom of the crisper drawer, and Harry used this as his pillow.

And although Mrs. Parsley refused to buy Harry any new clothes, she agreed to let him save up all the loose squiggly hairs from the shower drain. Harry had collected almost enough to make a sweater.

And even his obnoxious cousin Glockenspiel Parsley had been nice to him, ever since Harry helped him win third place in the school Science Fair as the subject of Glockenspiel's "Home Skin Grafts" exhibit.

Yes, life was getting sweeter for Harry Plodder all the time. The future was so bright, he had to wear shades—although that might also have been due to the irreversible astigmatism he'd gotten from his daily beatings.

And then the letter arrived.

Harry had never received a letter before, except for that one two years ago with Dick Clark's and Ed McMahon's pictures on the outside. And when it turned out that Harry wasn't a winner after all, he assumed that it was just anoth-

er one of those lies that grown-ups liked to tell kids.

But now Harry had received his second letter ever, and Everett Parsley wouldn't even let him read it. Harry had also received his third letter, but Parsley wouldn't let him read that. Then, there arrived Harry's fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth, eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, seventee— hey, is everybody getting the point here? Unfair guy, lots of letters, yadda yadda? Okay, then. Let's move this book along.

With a deafening BOOM, the door came flying off its hinges as if Harry were inside a Kool-Aid commercial. Into the room stepped a creature so big, so tremendously huge, that he could easily have co-hosted a women's chat show.

" 'Ello, 'Arry! I wos scratchin' me noggin, won'nering why fer yeh din't respond tih me mess'ges."

Harry stared at this behemoth, and somehow his tongue curled enough to say the single word, "What?"

"Mess'ges. Epis'les. Yeh been sent a ver'table plethora o' ter buggers, 'n I sez, I'd best amble on over t' 'Arry an' git der lowdown."

"Um, why are you talking that way?"

"An' wot way izzit dat yer referrin' ter?

"That. You know, the accent?"

"Oh, that. Ter accent's ter create, like, ter illusion of character devel'pmint."

"Really?"

"Yeh, apparen'ly ter li'l snots . . . er, readers . . . kin hear, like, my voice insider heads. An' they gets so hung up on muh funny way o' talkin', they dunna notice 'at I'm not hardly sayin' a single thing 'ats ter least bit in'nerestin'."

Harry thought for a moment. "I bet it's also helpful for the long passages with just dialogue, so you can tell who's saying what, without having to go back to look."

"Yer learnin' fast, yiz are."

CHAPTER FIVE

REQUIEM FOR AN OWL

Halfwit said, "Ter first thing yeh got to do is, notify ter school 'at yez are comin'. Where's yer owl?"

Harry heard Halfwit's words, but didn't quite take them in. "*Where's your owl?*" The phrase made no sense to him, sounding like "pre-owned car" or "compassionate conservative."

Halfwit slapped his forehead so loudly that the department store window across the street shattered. "I keep forgettin'! Yez 'aven't been raised worth a wombat's patoot! Luckily, I alwez carries a spare, like." And from under his immense robes, Halfwit produced an thin, gray owl.

The owl blinked confusedly at the sudden assault of sunlight upon its glassy eyes. Then, it coughed up a semi-digested hunk of mouse. The cough made half its feathers fall off. It made Harry feel a little sick to look at the owl's mangy hood and infected feet. He couldn't understand how Halfwit could bear to hold it. "Note to self," thought Harry, "never, ever shake hands with Halfwit again."

While Harry was lost in thought, Halfwit had written out an acceptance note, and nailed it through the owl's good leg. "Once they gets this," boomed Halfwit, "they'll fix yer up wit' a room, an' 'ave it ready fer yez. The kids what forgets t' RSVP has t' sleep in trees ter first year." He released the owl, which fluttered about before bouncing to

earth with a dull thud, where it lay dazed and wheezing.

"Are— are you sure he'll be okay?" asked Harry in a tone that was half worried, half repulsed.

"Natcherly! They trains 'em special, like." Halfwit then seized Harry's arm, bursting several minor veins. "Now it's time f' yez ter do some shoppin'!" Halfwit's quick step and firm grip had taken Harry almost a full block away by the time the hacking, staggering owl wound up under the wheels of a bus.

"If yer gwon go t' Pockmark's, yiz gotta have ter proper 'quipment, like," grunted Halfwit, as he hauled Harry along by the elbow. Harry hadn't felt so manhandled since that time at summer camp, which he wasn't supposed to talk about. Actually, it was a couple of times. But before Harry could picture it in his mind, Halfwit had pulled him inside a musty old shop. Along one wall, Harry saw a selection of robes. Along the opposite wall stood an assortment of brooms, cauldrons, and pointed hats. At the far end of the room was a glass case filled with 1984 Donruss baseball cards.

Halfwit directed Harry to a bookshelf which was completely empty, except for a single book. Harry had seen bookshelves like this before. He attended a big city public school.

"No matter wot book yer lookin' for, yez just hasta reach in, and yer gets ter book yer lookin' for, automatic like," said Halfwit. "This is yer first year, so yer gonna need *Witchcraft Fer Dummies*." Halfwit grabbed the book, and sure enough, it was the exact one he'd wanted. And yet, the bookshelf still had the one book in it. "Here, go bring it up t' ter counter."

Harry asked the clerk, "H-how much for this book?"

"I'm afraid it's pretty banged up. At best, I can give you $1.80."

CHAPTER FIVE

"No, yuh boobus!," shouted Halfwit. " 'E's not *sellin'* ter bloody t'ing! He wants ter *buy it* from yer!"

"I see. Well, in that case, the price is twenty-three dollars."

"Bah! Alla yer school bookstores are ter same! Don't he get an orphan's discount, like?"

Halfwit tossed the cash on the table. "Now yez needs a wand. Yeh wouldn't be no proper wizard without one. Ol' Mr. Salamander'll fix yez up."

A minute later, they were in Salamander's Fine Wand Makers and Lotto, being measured and appraised by the darting silver eyes of Mr. Salamander. "Ears, five inches. Knees, knobby. Shoulders, unimpressive. Yes, I'll have just the wand for you. Remember, though, it's the wand that chooses the wizard, not the other way round. Let's see how a dogwood will do you."

Mr. Salamander snapped his fingers, and suddenly the air was filled with wild commotion. Perhaps four dozen wands had burst from their boxes, and were now running around the room, making yapping sounds. Harry was amazed by the spectacle, until one overly friendly wand suddenly buried its nose in Harry's crotch. "That means he likes yer," said Halfwit.

No sooner had Harry nudged the wand away from his groin when he felt a thirteen-incher frantically humping his left leg. Mr. Salamander squirted the wand with a water pistol, but the wand simply wouldn't let go. "Well, I guess you've been selected," said Mr. Salamander, handing Harry an empty box. "When he's done, keep him in here."

"Yeah," agreed Halfwit. "An' let's go find yer a pair of corduroy pants. Jus' in case."

CHAPTER SIX

SURPRISES #1 AND #2

Harry looked around with amazement, as Halfwit walked him through the hallways of Pockmark's School of Wizardry.

"Yer gonna be ter top pupil Pockmark 'as 'ad since yer parents, I kin tell."

"Did you know my parents?"

"I'm not s'posed ter do this," said Halfwit, and Harry's heart soared. Because he knew that every time Halfwit said that, *every single time*, it was going to happen in about six seconds. Harry'd caught on already, and there were still six and a half books to go.

"You kin see 'im, 'Arry. I can show yeh yer parents."

"Bleccch," thought Harry. "They've been dead for about ten years. They must be pretty ripe by now."

Harry followed Halfwit down a squeaky corridor lined with oil paintings. Harry couldn't help but notice that the subjects of each painting turned to watch him as he passed by. Oh, brother. They give these *Harry Plodder* books writing awards by the truckload, yet half the stuff could fit comfortably into any episode of *Scooby-Doo*. Honestly.

Anyway, Harry was so distracted by the spoooooky paintings that he didn't notice Halfwit had stopped walking, and bumped right into the giant's rump. If you've never walked face first into the five-foot-wide ass of a behemoth whose diet includes burrs, consider yourself lucky.

CHAPTER SIX

"This is it," barked Halfwit. "Th' secret bathroom."

"Aren't you coming into the bathroom with me?" asked Harry, unaware of how staggeringly wrong a question it was on so many levels.

"Nope, some things yeh has ter handle fer yerself."

Harry stepped gingerly inside, and was relieved to see that there was no Screaming Sink of Sorrow, no Tiles of Terror, no Hand Dryer from Hell. The only thing strange was a toilet bowl perched atop a tower that swayed high into the air. Seeing steps curving around the column, Harry figured that he was supposed to go up there.

After a long climb, Harry reached the toilet bowl. On its lid was a golden inscription. "*He or she who lifts this lid shall see the longings they have hid.*" Harry wondered what this meant. He had seen strange writings while inside public bathrooms, but those generally dealt with other topics.

Harry lifted the toilet seat with a trembling hand, almost expecting an explosion. There, in the shimmering water, he saw his own reflection, and next to him, a man and a woman he had never seen before. For a moment, he thought he was looking at a pair of Smurfs, until he realized that the water itself was dyed blue for springtime freshness. He had never seen these faces before, and yet there was something familiar about them.

"Harry," said the woman, "Comb your hair. It looks like a rat's nest."

"Yes, and tuck in your shirt," added the man. "I didn't raise you to be a bum."

"Technically, we didn't raise you at all," said the woman. "Maybe that's because we DIED!"

Slowly the pieces of the puzzle were coming together in Harry's mind. Sometimes it takes him a little while.

Then a light came into Harry's eyes. This couple... Harry knew them. Bending over the bowl so

severely that the tip of his nose got a faint tinge of blue from the toilet deodorizer, Harry blinked twice. "*E-E-Elyse? And Steve Keaton?*"

Harry Plodder was a major *Family Ties* fan, and sometimes he liked to pretend that Mallory was his sister. Nobody ever said the kid was a genius.

"You carry them for nine months and this is how they repay you," griped the mother. "You've got some serious explaining to do, mister," grumbled the father. "And stand up straight! God gave you shoulders, hold them up!"

As Harry listened, the two faces in the toilet tried to make up for ten years of missing nagging, from his messy room, to his poor grades, to how he could spend all night running around with his friends yet not even have enough energy to rinse out a glass after he'd used it.

It was during this ordeal that Harry realized suddenly how very lucky he was to be an orphan. Then a more physical realization came upon him. Shifting back and forth from foot to foot, in the thin altitude atop the toilet tower, Harry's bladder suddenly felt like it was filled with firecrackers. He had never had to go so badly.

He tried waiting until his mother stopped haranguing him about his CDs, about never lifting a finger, about not walking the poor dog (*what dog?*), and about two hundred other things he'd apparently been doing wrong. But she wouldn't stop. And the instant his mother finished talking, his father started in. Finally, Harry could take the building pressure no longer. He unzipped his pants.

"*Just what on earth do you think you're doing? Have you heard a word we've been saying?*" screamed the reflection of Harry's mother. Then his parents' nagging was silenced by a gentle tinkling sound.

"I'm sorry, Mom," whispered Harry. "I'm sorry, Dad."

CHAPTER NINE

BACK, BACK, BACK, BACK, BACK

Hello, sports fans! This is Hermaphrodite Granger, and with me is my color commentator Runt Greasy. Say hi to all the listeners, Runt!"

"Uh, hah? What listeners? Who the hell are you talking to?"

"Ha, ha, great commentary, partner! The Waffle is airborne! And this house championship game of Squamish is *underway!* The Waffle is grabbed by Dom Grillo. Oooh! And Grillo is blindsided by Chris Meisner! Absolutely crushed! No foul called on the play, though, because Grillo's eyes popped out the back of his skull. Only *frontal* eyeball attacks are penalized. Runt, have you ever seen such action?"

"Are you insane? Why are you saying all this stuff, just sitting all alone here in the bleachers?"

"I'll tell you who's crazy, Runt. It's rookie sensation Harry Plodder, for trying to penetrate this Cuspidor defense! Here comes the double team of Laura Guenego and Pearse Wonderchild, coming up on Syphilis Captain Andy Laitman. Dropping back are Jen Elliott, Rich Levey, and the terrible Tosaris Twins."

"I hate to interrupt you while you're talking to NOBODY, Hermaphrodite, but what's with all these names? I never *heard* of half these people."

"That's okay, Runt. Counting us, there's only about

four students and two teachers you have to pay any attention to in this entire book. The other fifty names just pop up to make it sound almost like a school. You know, like the people sitting on the other side of the bar in every episode of *Cheers*."

"Great. Is there any chance you could explain the point of this nutty game to me?"

"The point, Runt, is to stage a whole bunch of flying around for a big action sequence, once we get the movie rights to this mutha sold. Spielberg's gonna love this! Anyway, while we were talking, each team scored 87 points. Let's look at that last replay through the Harry-Cam."

"Aba daba honeymoon! A judo a chop chop chop! It's crackers to slip a rozzer the dropsy in snide!"

"Runt, are you feeling okay?"

"Sure! I just realized that no matter what gibberish I spit out, this convoluted Squamish "game" is so ridiculously confusing that no reader will *ever* catch me! Unga bunga! Oxygen is for losers!"

"You finally caught on. And what's really sad is, this sport is *already* more popular than hockey."

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

MORE POWERFUL THAN MAGIC

As Harry entered the final chamber, there were three strange figures waiting for him. The first one was the oldest, but Harry could tell that he was a powerfully built man underneath his flowing cape. His hands were empty— his magic must be powerful to require no weapon, thought Harry with a shudder. The second one was a pretty young girl, dressed in rags and holding a splintered broom. The third figure was a teenager not much older than Harry, and carried a glowing blue sword. Before Harry could decide whether to attack, run, or get help, they spoke.

"We have been expecting you for a long time," said the man in the cape.

"We have watched your adventures with growing irritation," said the woman.

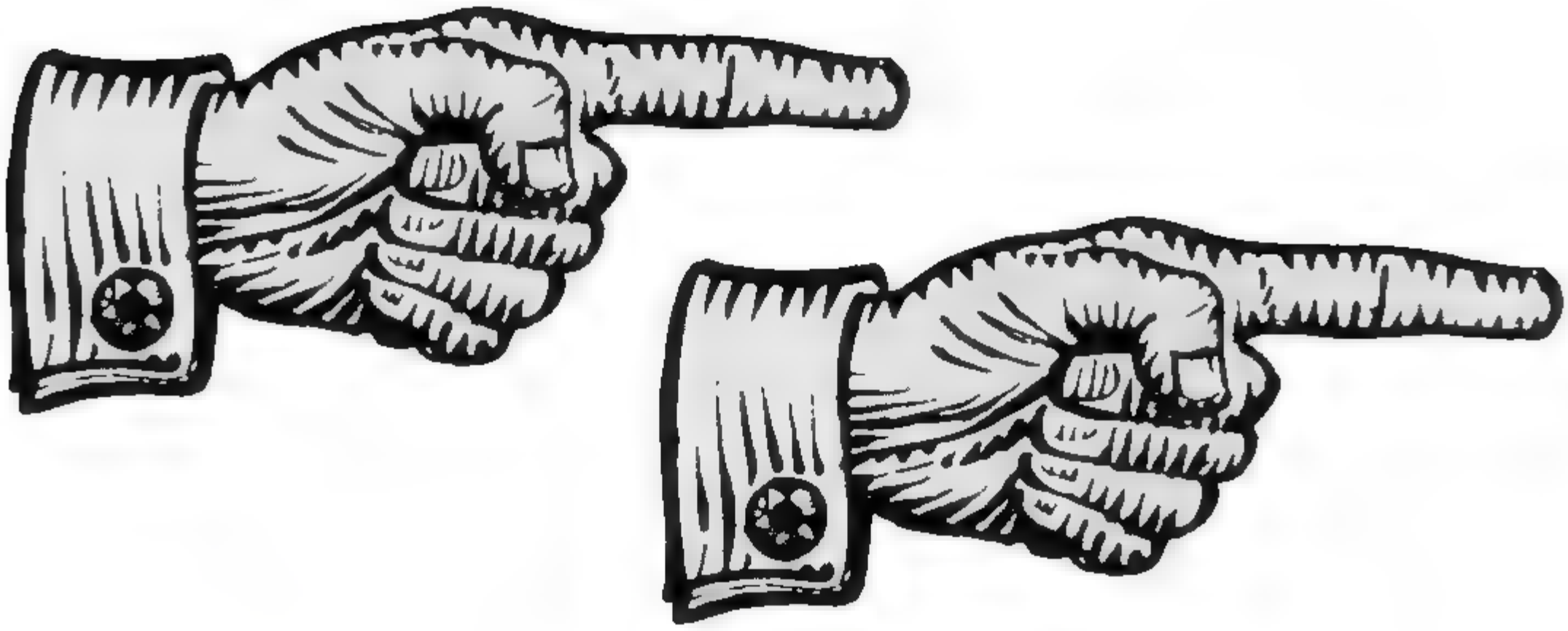
"Did you *really* think you would get away with it?" snarled the teenager.

"Huh?" began Harry. "Get away with wh—?" Just then, a searing pain shot up his right arm.

"A little heat vision's the least of your worries," laughed the man in the cape. "Just wait until Time Warner's lawyers get a hold of you. I had that parents-killed-grow-up-to-be-a-hero schtick copyrighted back in the 1930s." Despite the flames licking at his shoulder, for some reason Harry suddenly noticed the big red S on the man's chest.

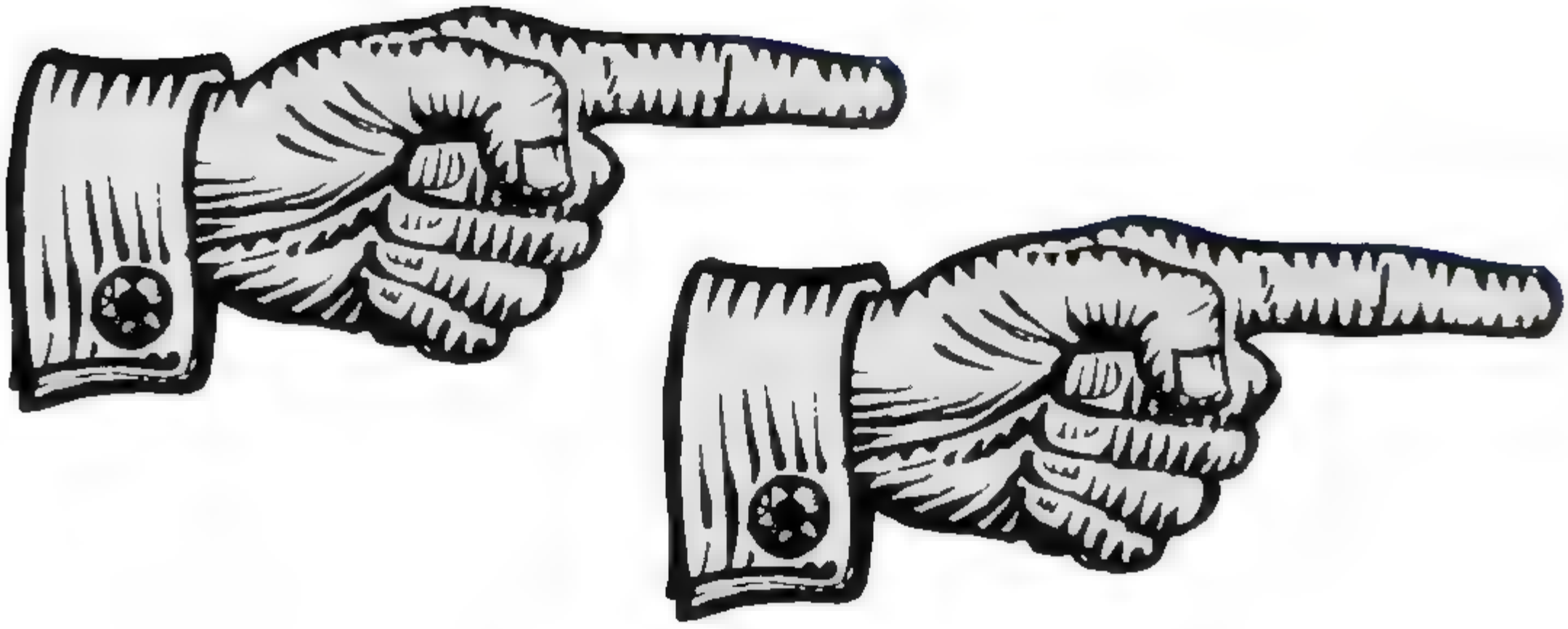
"And *I'm* the one whose adoptive parents abused and mistreated me, while favoring their natural child," said the woman. "Next thing you know, a jerk like you will be riding around in a pumpkin." Harry felt the dull whack of a broom breaking over the back of his neck. Through a red haze of pain, he heard the woman giving unpleasant orders to several nearby mice. "Sure thing, Cindyrella," they chirped, then turned towards Harry with malice in their eyes.

As the rodents' sharp teeth sank into his flesh, Harry's third tormentor spoke. "And that business about realizing and developing the incredible powers that were always hidden inside you? That's real original," growled the teenager. Now blind with agony, Harry could hear the dull hum of his enemy's glowing saber, getting louder with each step closer. "May The Force be upside your head" was the very last thing Harry heard, and then he heard no more.



Nothing to see here!

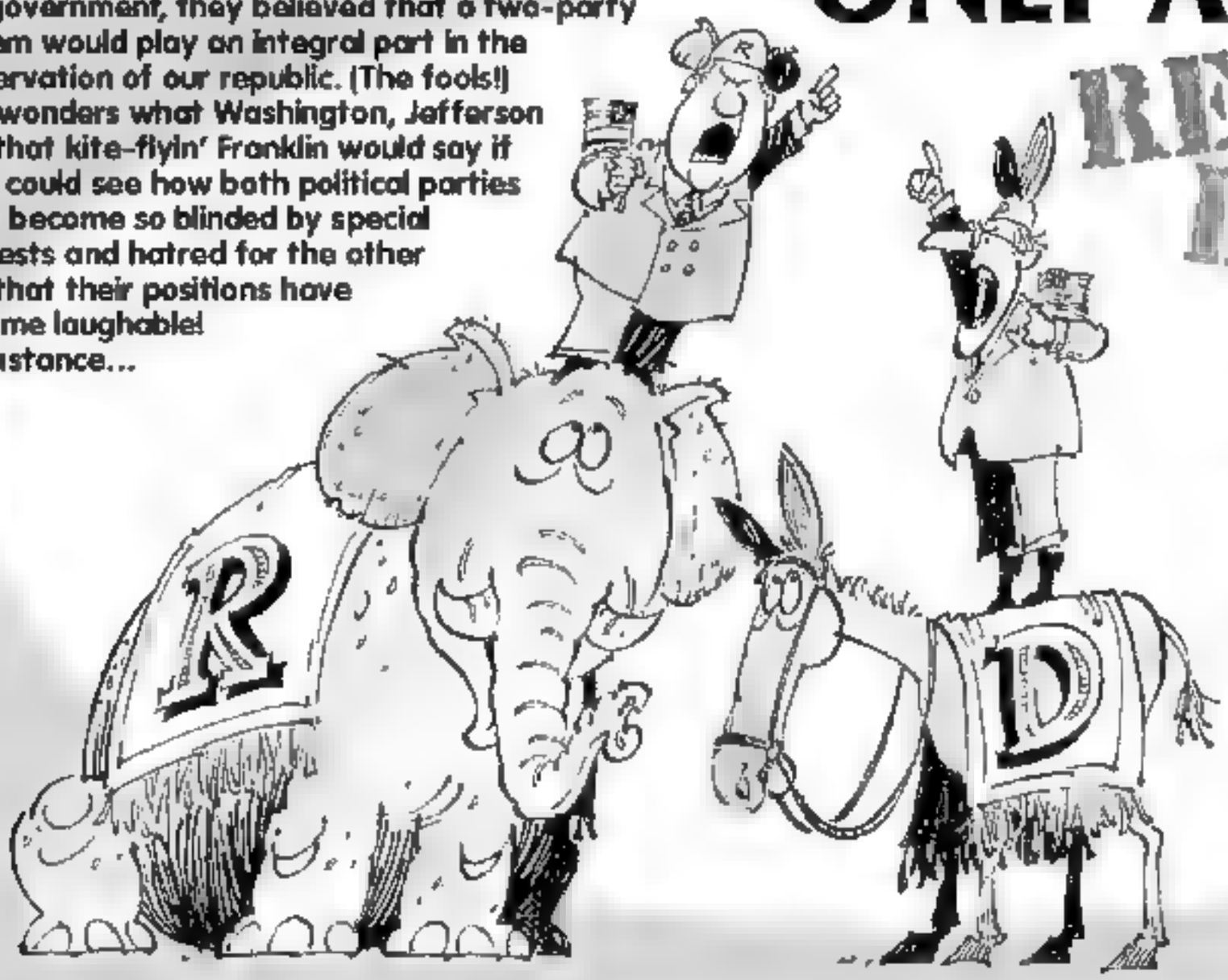
Please skip ahead.



THE POSTULATION EXPLOSION DEPT.

When our nation's forefathers framed the basics of our government, they believed that a two-party system would play an integral part in the preservation of our republic. (The fools!) One wonders what Washington, Jefferson and that kite-flyin' Franklin would say if they could see how both political parties have become so blinded by special interests and hatred for the other guy that their positions have become laughable!
For instance...

ONLY A REPUBLICAN DEMOCRAT COULD POSSIBLY BELIEVE... (VOL. 2)



ARTIST: PAUL COKER
WRITER: RUSS COOPER

Only a **REPUBLICAN** Could Possibly Believe...

... a philandering President is somehow more impeachment worthy than a senile, arms-for-hostages trading President

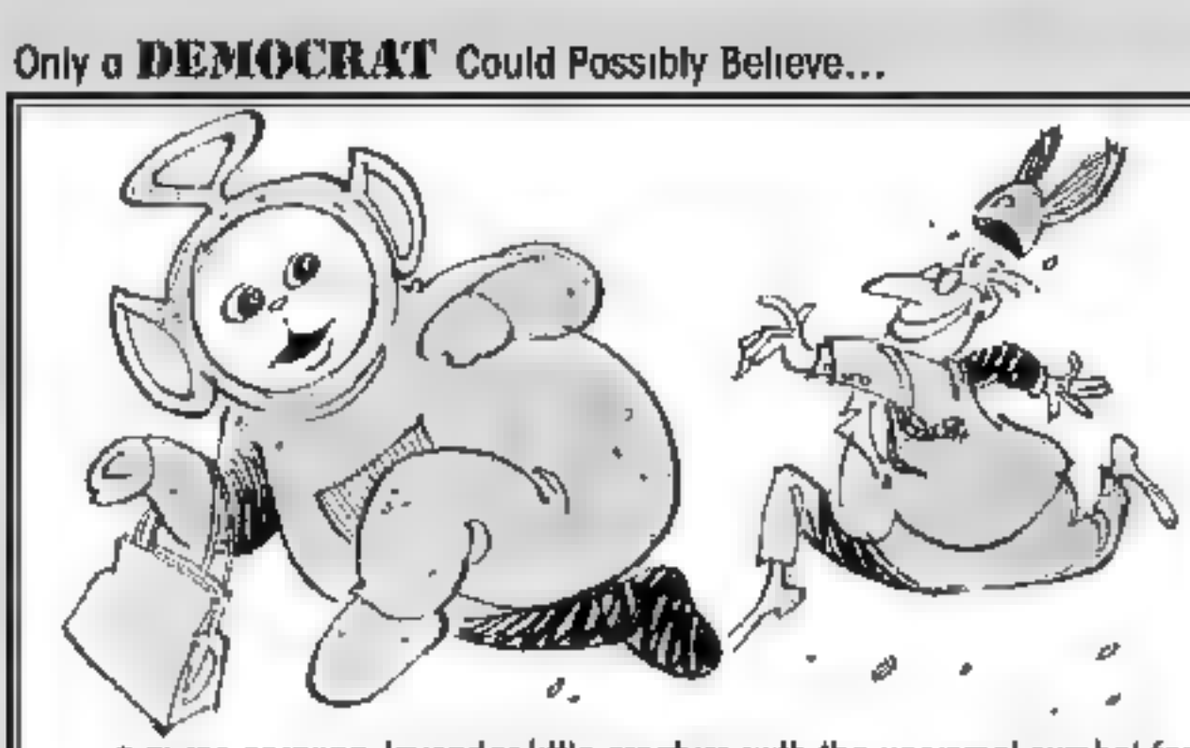
Only a **DEMOCRAT** Could Possibly Believe...

Clarence Thomas: Repulsive, woman-abusing pervert!
Bill Clinton: re-electable good ol' boy!

Only a **REPUBLICAN** Could Possibly Believe...

the Sixties was a self-obsessed, self-indulgent decade, as opposed to, say, those selfless, altruistic Eighties

Only a **DEMOCRAT** Could Possibly Believe...

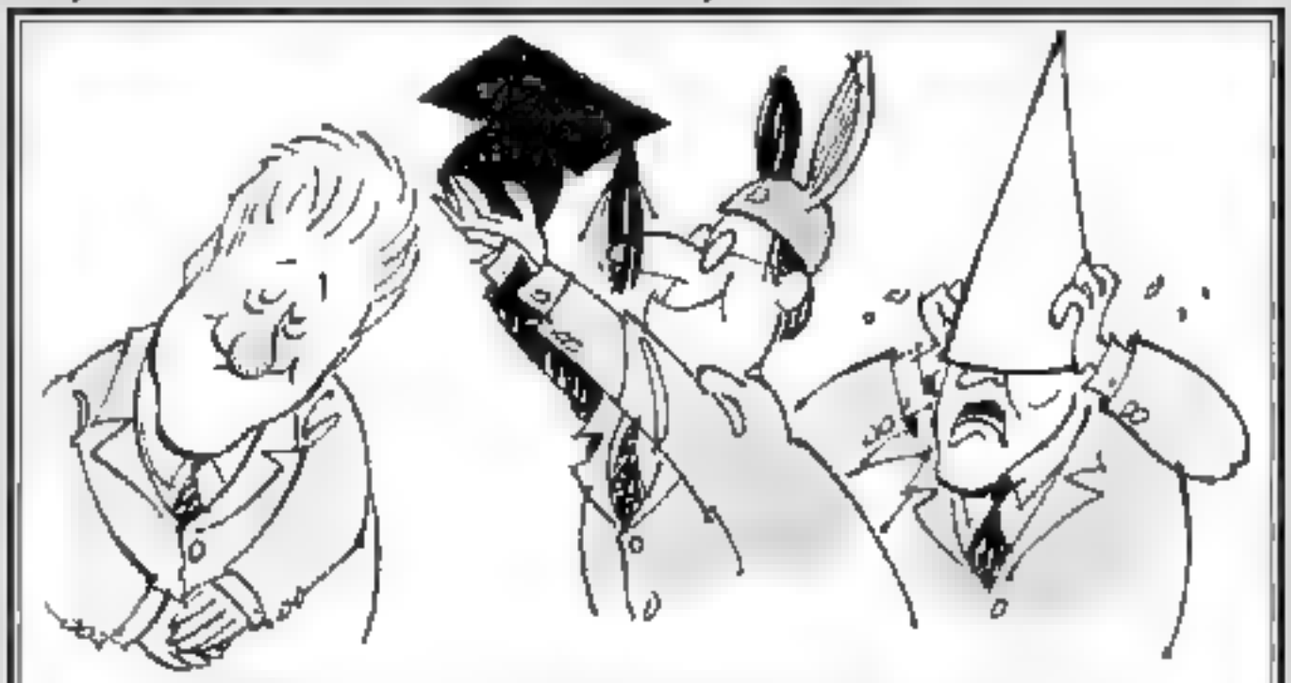


...a purse-carrying, lavender little creature with the universal symbol for homosexuality over its head is in no way, shape or form a gay character

Only a **REPUBLICAN** Could Possibly Believe...

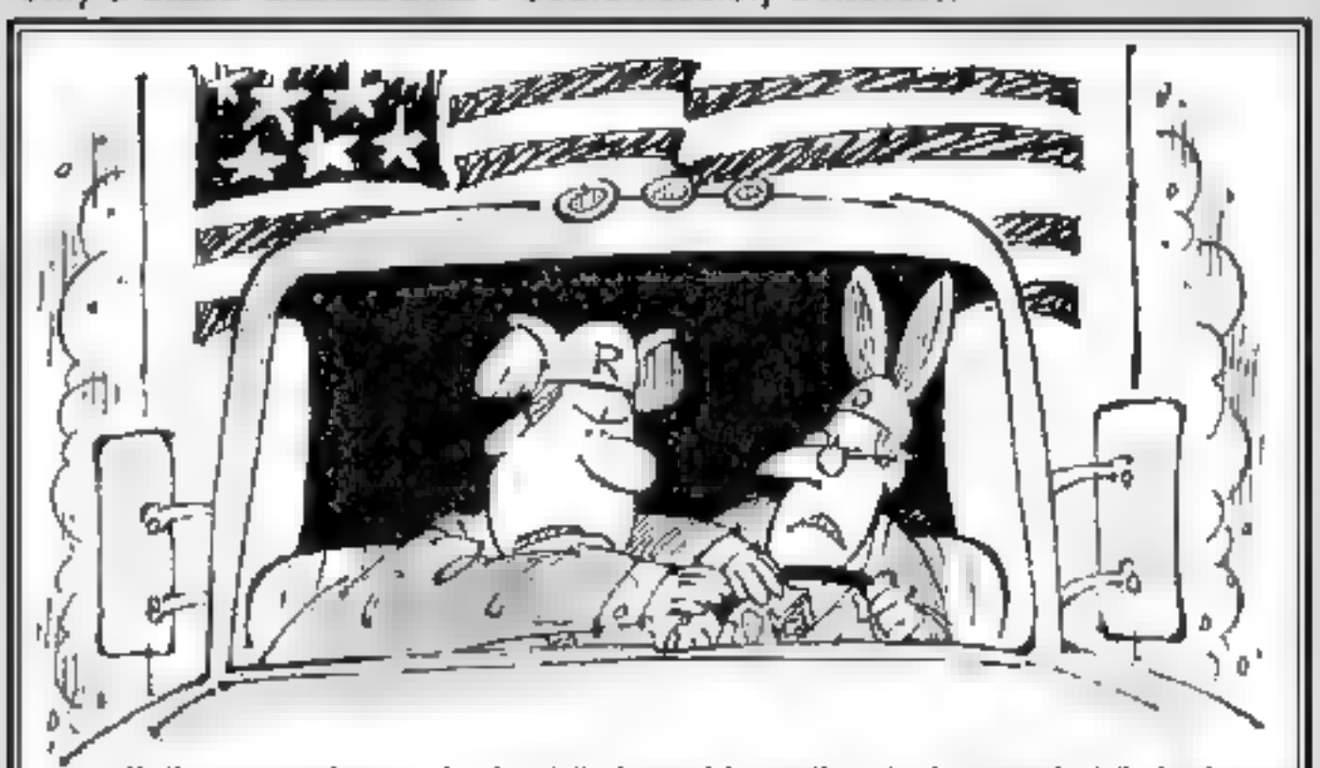
. .the fact that they can't come up with anyone who can beat a wife-cheating, bad-sax-playing, bimbo-boffing, pathological ly-lying hillbilly is somehow the pub ic's fault...the liberal media's faut...anybody's fault but their own.

Only a **DEMOCRAT** Could Possibly Believe...



...that someone who can't define what the meaning of "is" is, is somehow superior to someone who can't spe.l potato.

Only a **REPUBLICAN** Could Possibly Believe...



. with the unemployment rate at its lowest level, the stock market at its highest level and the overall best economy in 30 years, that it's "I me for a change."

Only a **DEMOCRAT** Could Possibly Believe...

Barbra Streisand breaking her silence and publicly supporting the President is any more helpful to his image than him getting caught banging interns.

Only a **REPUBLICAN** Could Possibly Believe...

...that Mary Matalin, a sneering, shrewish, mean-spirited, condescending, one-note, spin-doctoring, ice-veined 'nad-nosher, is who you want representing your party's line.

Only a **DEMOCRAT** Could Possibly Believe...

. that James Carville, a ,ittery, pseudo-Cajun, chrome-domed, p attitude-spewing, inappropriate-chuckle-sprinkling, one-note, sp n-doctoring doofa:d, is who you want representing your party's line.

Only a **REPUBLICAN** Could Possibly Believe...

.. the way to turn around their fortunes, to fire up the crowd – Mr. Charisma George W. Bush! Woo hoo!

Only a **DEMOCRAT** Could Possibly Believe...

.the way to continue their current successful wild run – Mr Excitement Al Gore! Woo hoo!

Only a **REPUBLICAN** Could Possibly Believe...

the worse the actor, the better the leader

Only a **DEMOCRAT** Could Possibly Believe...

bombings that begin right after scandal revelations are "purely coincidental"

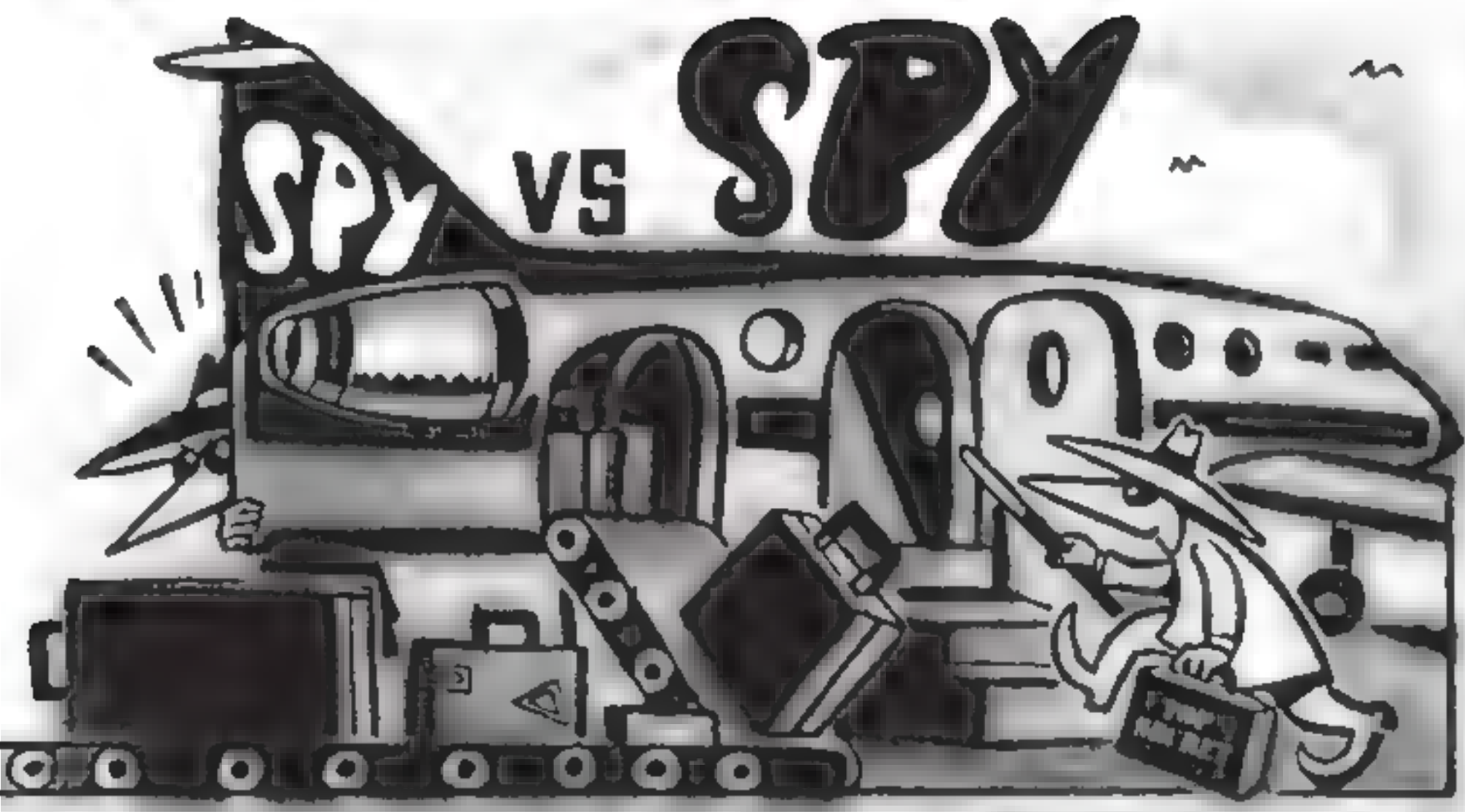
Only a **REPUBLICAN** Could Possibly Believe...

there's no hypocrisy whatsoever in twice-divorced politicians lecturing us about family values.

Only a **DEMOCRAT** Could Possibly Believe...

..."I feel your pain" is any less laughable a motto than "A thousand points of light," "Read my lips," or "Just say no!"

SPY VS SPY



ARTIST AND WRITER: PETER KUPER

CLICK.

BOOM

BOOM!

KUPER

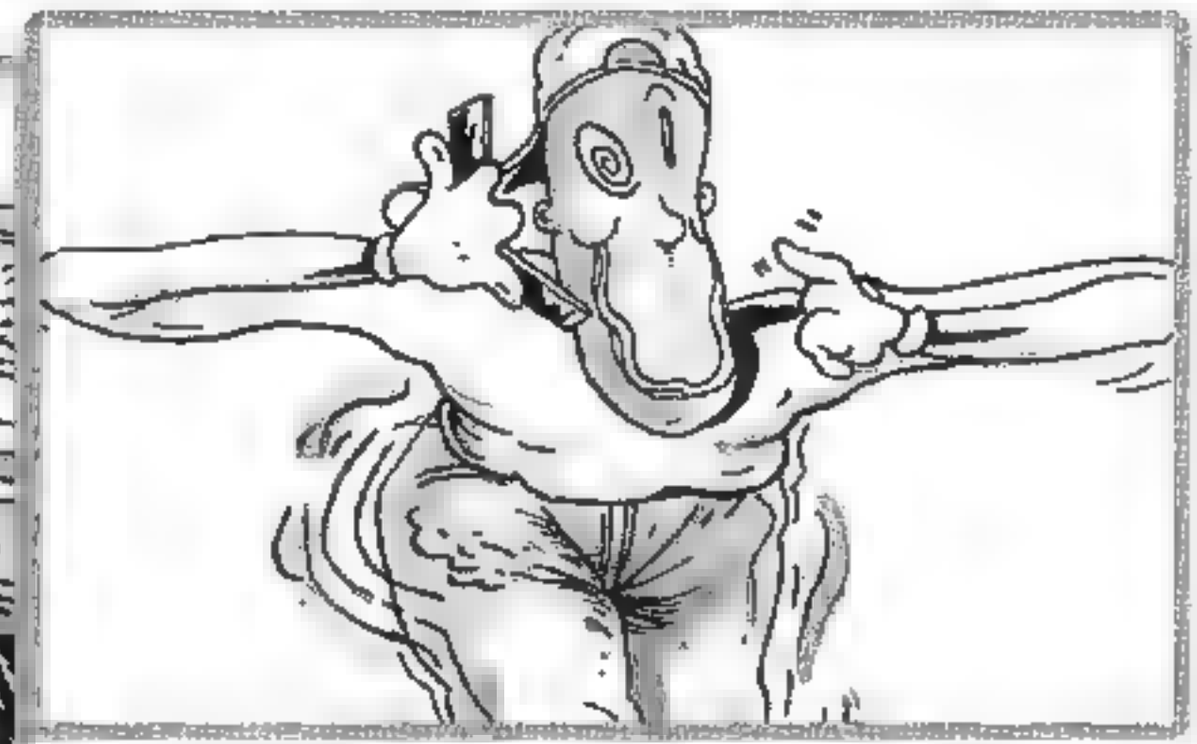
THE SCHMUCKS STOP HERE DEPT.

JENKINS asks a friend who owns a radar-detecting fuzzbuster, "Why not simply obey the posted speed limits?"

MELVIN uses his CB radio to distract the cops with phony "Officer down!" reports every time he approaches a billboard or a sharp curve.

Melvin &

JENKINS keeps a thin pager in his wallet so that he can be reached in emergencies.



MELVIN keeps a silent vibrating pager in his front pocket and calls himself at least 11 or 12 times a day

Guide to

JENKINS gets tired of misplacing his TV remote, and gets one of the new kinds that emit a beep to locate it.

MELVIN accidentally ate his remote control during a beer-and-pretzels binge, and now every time he crosses his legs his TV switches over to C-SPAN

JENKINS keeps his friends' phone numbers at his finger tips by carrying a pocket-sized digital address book.

MELVIN maintains constant access to the same information by scrawling their phone numbers on dozens of strategically-spaced toilet stalls across town.

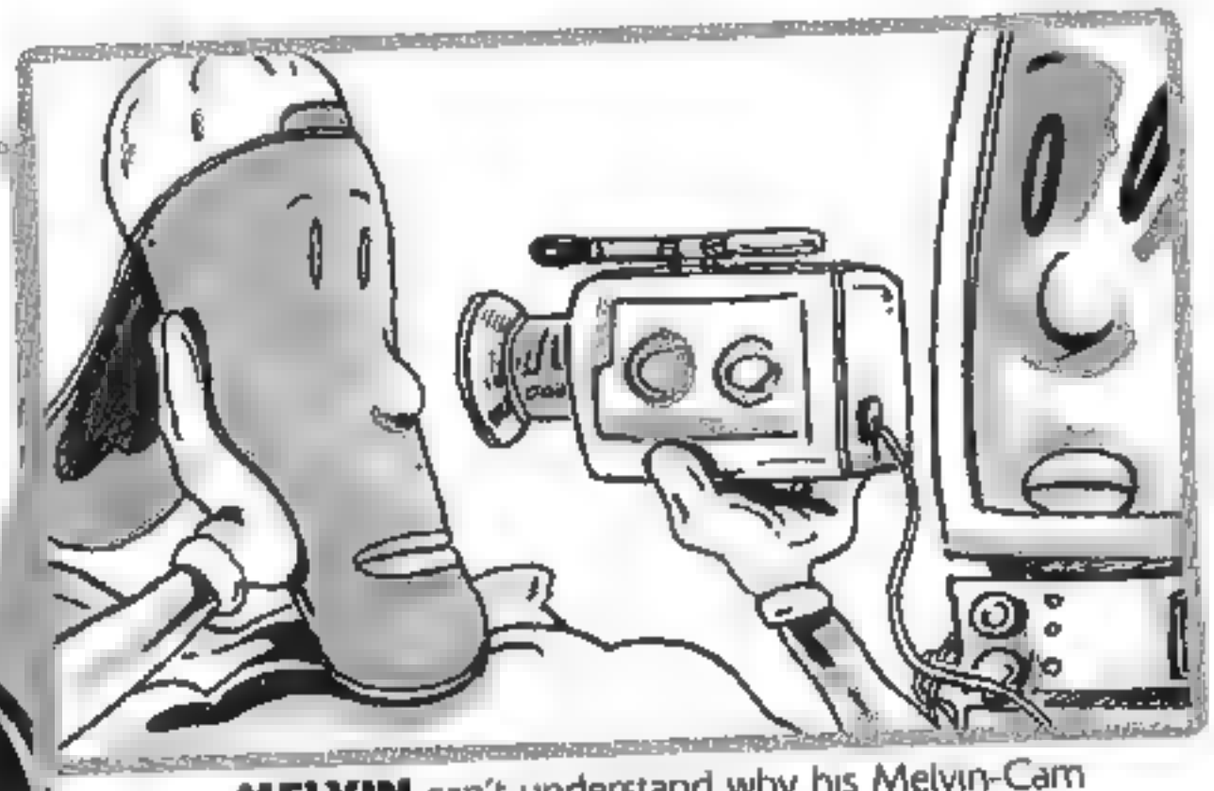
Jenkins'

JENKINS weighs the advantages and disadvantages before deciding between the 456-color laser printer/copier and the high-tech scanner with attachment capabilities.

MELVIN doesn't care much which machine he uses, so long as it captures every lifelike groove, contour and nuance of his bare ass.

Technology

JENKINS sets up a web page, complete with regular photos for his long-distance friends and relatives to enjoy



MELVIN can't understand why his Melvin-Cam site gets zero hits, week after lonesome week.

ARTIST: KEVIN POPE WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN

THE TRAITS OF WRATH DEPT.

Hey kids, this is the second installment of our exciting new game! Just read over the examples below and see how long it takes you to...

SPOT YOUR PARENTS!

This Issue...

HOW YOUR PARENTS REACTED WHEN YOU BLEW THE BIG GAME

DEFEATIST
It doesn't matter! If you'd won this game you would have lost in the playoffs anyway!
RELIEVED
Whew! Before you fumbled, I thought I'd lost that $50 bet!
FAINT PRAISE
Hey, no big deal! Before the Dodgers moved Steve Garvey to first base, he was also a no-talent, horrible-fielding third baseman like you!
SEXIST
Of course you messed up! You're only a girl!
TOLD-YOU-SO
Remember at the start of the season when I said you should have been cut? Well! Who's right now, Mr. Smart Guy?!
COLD COMFORT
Just be glad you messed up in a sport Americans hate and never watch!
VISITORS 723
HOME 0
MAX KORN
TULKA

ARTIST: RICK TULKA WRITER: JEFF KRUSE

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE

ARTIST AND WRITER, DAVE BERG

JUSTICE

I hear this **judge** is the **toughest** on the **circuit!** You have to **plea bargain** for **me!**
Okay, **which** would you prefer, **lethal injection** or the **chair?**

BORROWING

Sharon, I need the **calculator** you **borrowed** from me last week for my **math class!** Can I **have** it **back?**
Hmm, only if you **promise me something!**

TROPHIES

...and this **baby** is the **crown jewel** of my collection! Sammy Sosa's second consecutive season **fiftieth home run ball!** And I was there when he **hit it** in our **section** of the **stands!**

CRITICISM

I **resent** you saying that about me, Sandy! I **did not forget** your **birthday!**
As a matter of fact, at this **very minute** I'm here at **Louie's** with a couple of my friends **celebrating it!**

PAYBACK

Look at this **Super Saturator** Grandma **bought** me today!
Mom, **how** could you do **such a thing?** Have you **forgotten** how I drove you **crazy** squirting **everything** when I was a kid?
No, my son, I **haven't forgotten!** I remember **all too well!**

BALANCE

RELATIONSHIPS

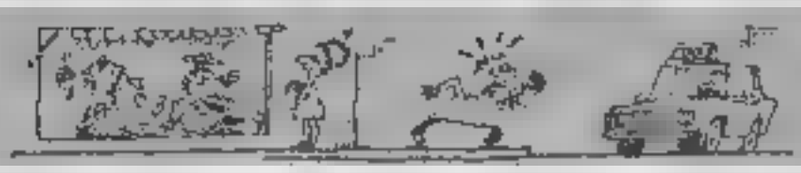
FLIRTING

Well, hello, Doll Face!
You are one beautiful babe!
35
You two should be ashamed of yourselves and show women more respect!
35
How about that! I've still got it!
o o o

THERAPY

but when it comes to shoveling all those different snowflakes, every man is exactly the same — they never do it!
I've lost my confidence as a lawyer, Dr Forman! I'm not nearly as effective as I used to be!
Sometimes we judge ourselves too harshly, Mr. Blumenfeld! Can you give me an example that will prove you're not your old self?
Easily! In the past, I would have figured a way to screw you out of what I owe you for these sessions by now!

BUSINESS



As management of this corporation, we can all learn a lot from the great leaders of our country! For example, a great lesson to be remembered at all times is Lincoln's immortal quote, "You can fool some of the people all of the time!"
Those people, gentlemen, are our target customers!

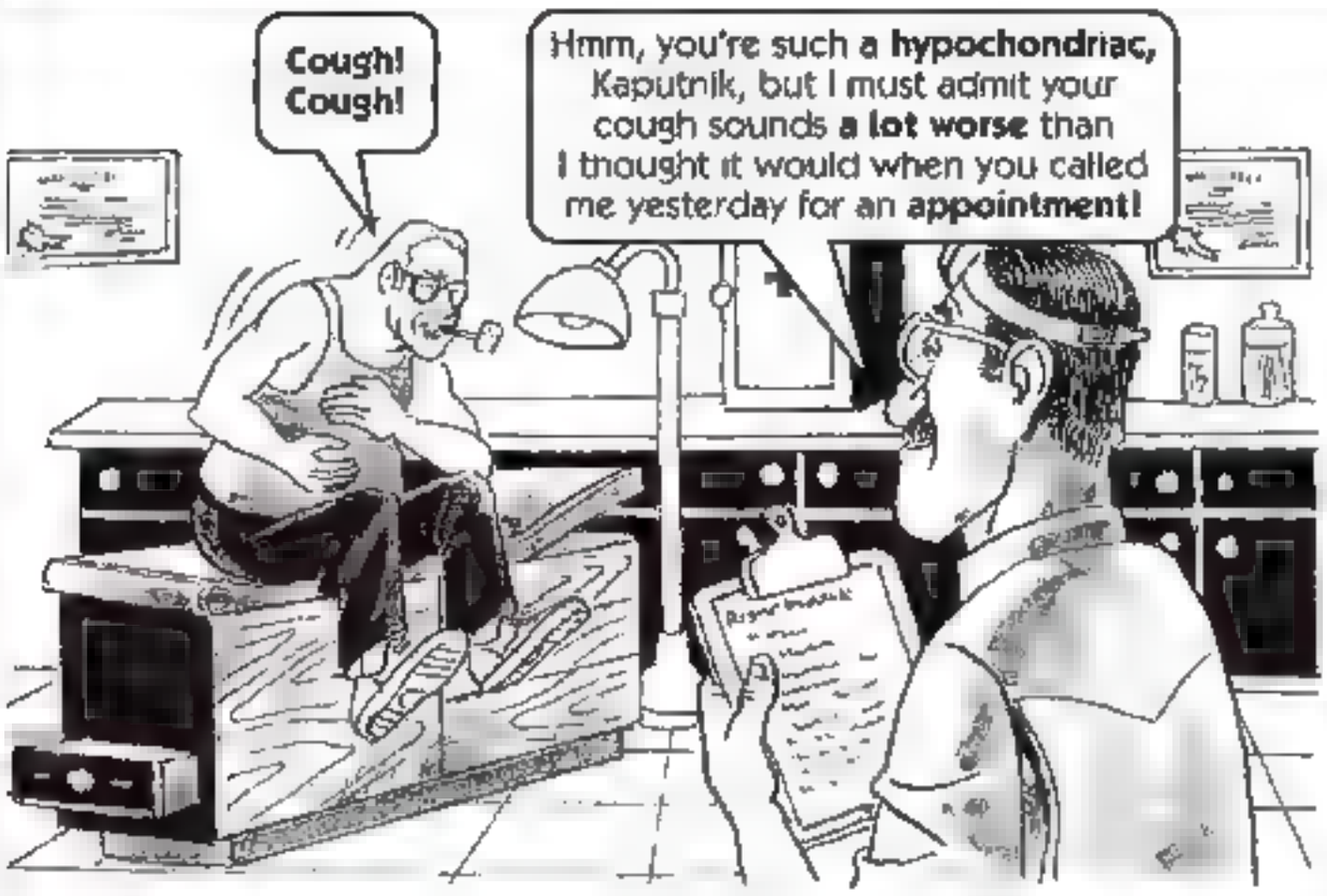
THE OFFICE

Dave, don't think we **haven't** noticed the **excellent work** you're doing!
We're very **impressed** at both your **output** and **attitude!**
Does that **mean** I get a **raise?**
No, it means we're **firing you!** You make the **rest of us** look **bad!**

PROOF

Of course there is a **Santa Claus!** I wrote him a **whole list** of things I **wanted** and he **wrote back!**
Wow! What did **he say?**
He **asked me** for my **Dad's credit card number!**

DOCTORS


Cough! Cough!
Hmm, you're such a **hypochondriac,** Kaputnik, but I must admit your cough sounds **a lot worse** than I thought it would when you called me yesterday for an **appointment!**

POINTLESS AND CLICK DEPT.

WHICH WEBCAM IS IT...?

When Al Gore invented the internet, he ushered in a host of technologies that have improved our lives: e-mail, digital commerce and, best of all, the webcam .the handy little gizmo that lets complete strangers broadcast their day-to-day existence over the 'Net so other complete strangers can gawk at them! And we're sure that you – sick, twisted voyeur that you are – have availed yourself of these services to peer into the bedrooms (oo-la-la) and bathrooms (yecch!) of every Tom, Dick and Jenny from Bayonne to Botswana! So why not put your voyeuristic savvy to the ultimate test and see if you can answer .

1.

a) Inside an Airsickness Bag Cam
b) Baywatch Live Bikini Wax Cam
c) The Mountain Just to the Left of Mt. Everest That No One Ever Climbs Cam
d) Your guess here: _____

2.

a) George "The Animal" Steele's Back Cam
b) Zebra-Mounted Surveillance Cam
c) Latrell Sprewell's Scalp Cam
d) Okay, what do you think? _____

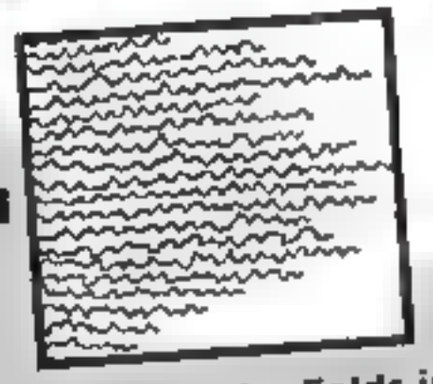
3.

a) Third World Subway Straps Cam
b) World's Ugliest Wind Chimes Cam
c) Stalactite Cavern and Casino Cam – Reno, NV
d) C'mon, Sparky, might as well take a shot! _____

4.

a) Flesh-Eating Bacteria Cam
b) Alcoholic Drifter Autopsy Cam
c) Official NASCAR Windshield Cam
d) Okay, you're so friggin' smart, what is it? _____

5.



a) Count the Folds in Don Imus' Neck Cam
b) Neil Young's Busted Guitar String Collection In the Rock 'N' Roll Hall of Fame Cam
c) Live Tapeworm Cam
d) Any idea, dillweed? _____

6.

a) That Thing on Aaron Neville's Forehead Cam
b) Celebrity Kidney Stones Cam
c) Evil Clown Nose Cam
d) Take a guess. Don't cost nothin'! _____

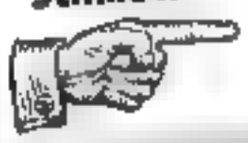
7.

a) Find the Worm in the Indian Corn Cam
b) Hanson Acne Update Cam
c) Venus Williams' Bead-Head Cam
d) Don't be a jerk, write down a guess! _____

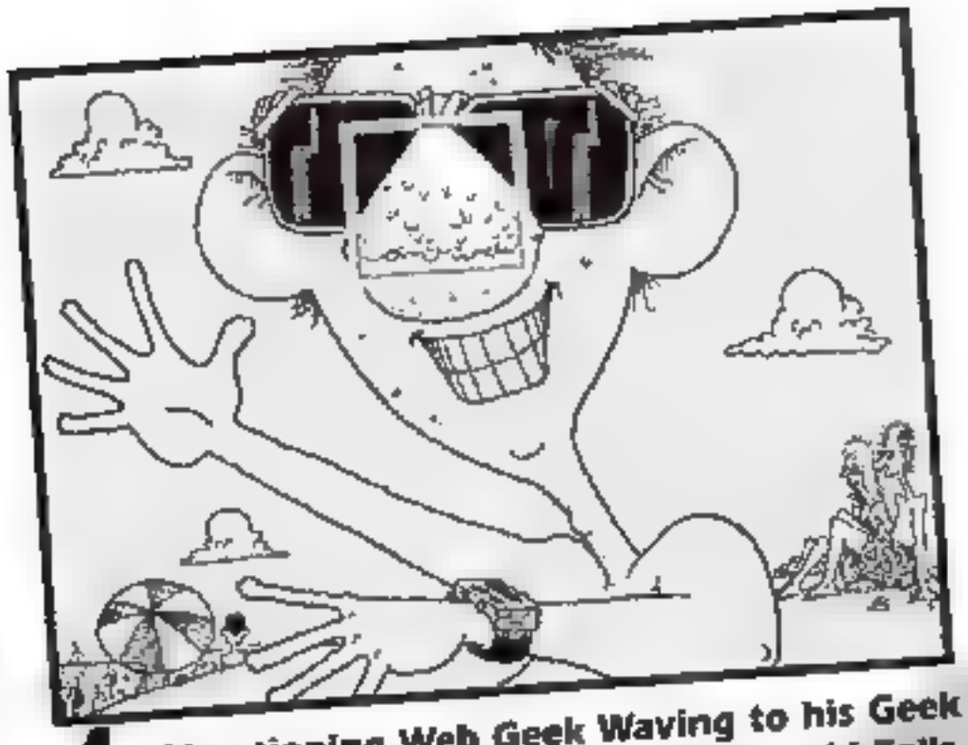
8.

a) Bruce Willis' Head Stubble Cam
b) Al Hirschfeld After Six Cups of Coffee "Nina" Binge Cam
c) Official KKK Konvention Kam
d) C'mon, don't make us beg... just record your speculation here now: _____

For Answers, Turn the Page, Schmuck!



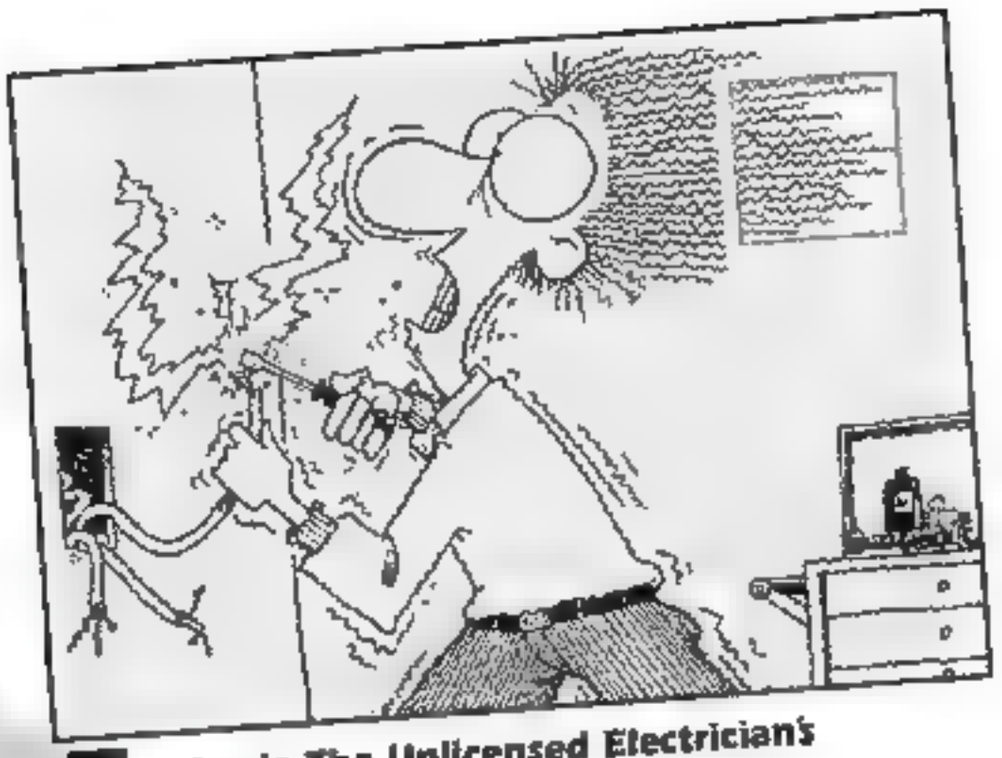
ARTIST AND WRITER: JOHN CALDWELL



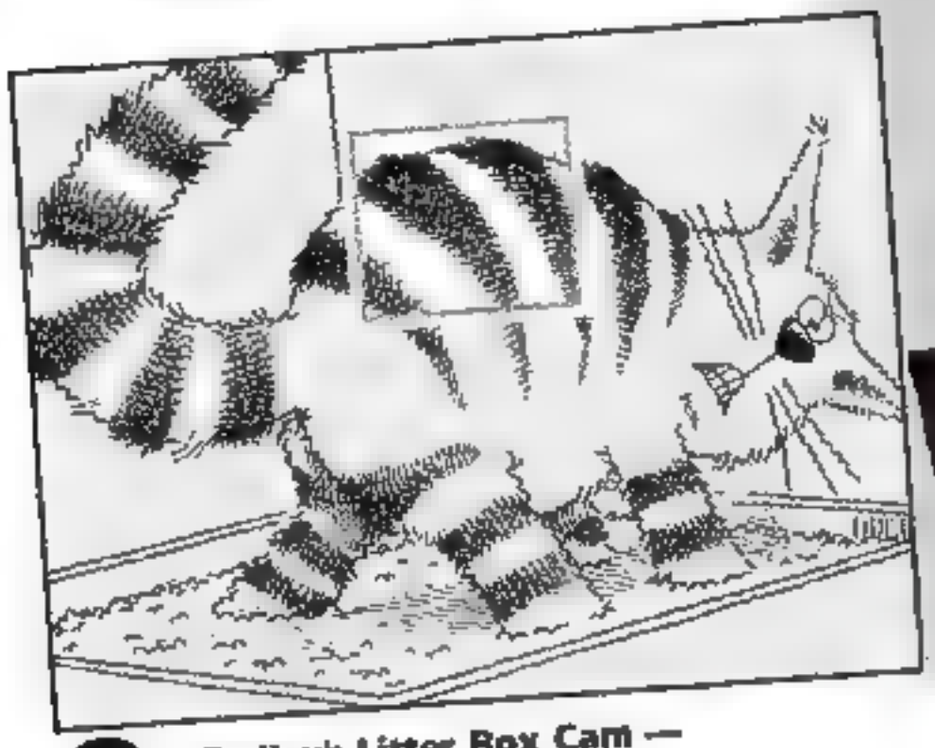
1. Vacationing Web Geek Waving to his Geek Friends Back Home Cam — Tikkitacki Falls, HI

And now, the startling answers to...

WHICH WEBCAM IS IT...?

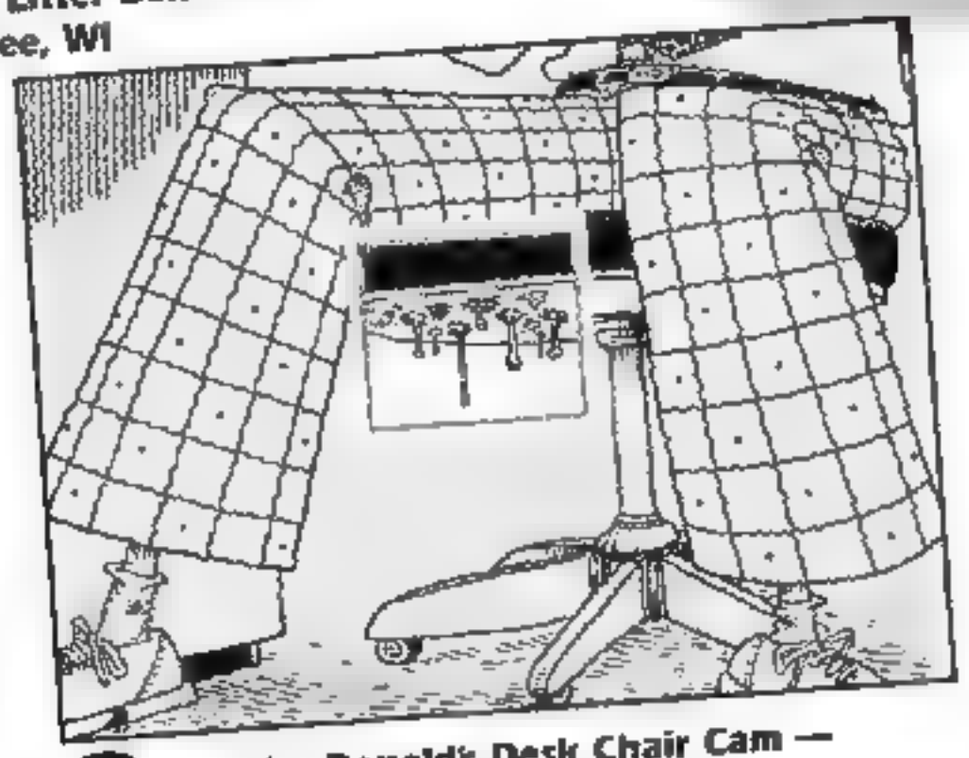


5. Louie The Unlicensed Electrician's Shop Cam — Nashvegas, TN



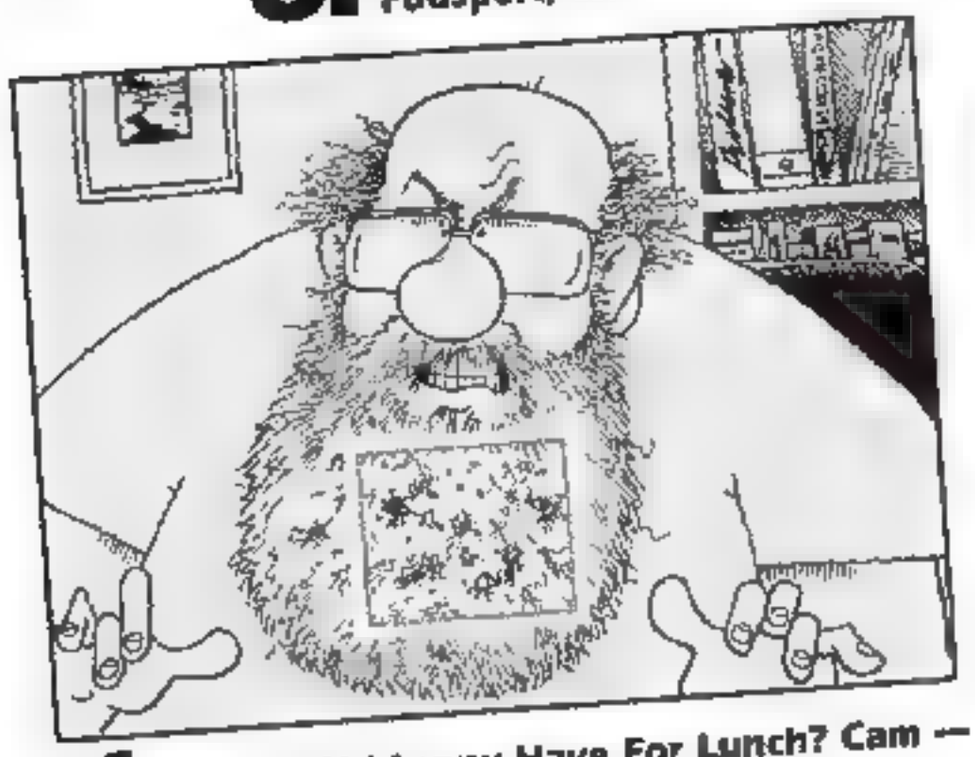
2. Fudley's Litter Box Cam — Pewaukee, WI

6. Anti-Technology Militia Convention Cam — Boonton's Creek, MI



3. Under Donald's Desk Chair Cam — Fudsport, WI

7. Handicapped Parking Lot Cam — Lourdes, France



4. What Did Lenny Have For Lunch? Cam — Sacramundo, CA

8. O.J. Simpson's Find the Real Killer Approach Shot 9-Iron Cam — Palm Falls, CA

A WORD TO THE DUMB DEPT.

No one would argue that drunk drivers are a menace to society, killing thousands of innocent victims every year. What's more, they're very rude. In the interests of addressing at least one of these problems, here's...

MAD's Etiquette Guide for Drunk Drivers

1. It is considered inappropriate for the drunk driver to operate his vehicle with MORE than half of his body sticking out of the sun roof.

ARTIST: TOM BUNK WRITER: BUTCH D'AMBROSIO

MAD's Etiquette Guide for Drunk Drivers

2.

The polite drunk driver honors the hosts of any party he attends by bringing along a second set of car keys, so he won't have to fight them for the set they confiscated from him earlier.

3.

Touching someone else's nose during a sobriety test is heavily frowned upon.

4.

When driving through a red light, the well-mannered drunk driver leans heavily on the horn while yelling at the top of his lungs, "Put on the coffee pot, momma, I'm comin' home!"

5.

Car fires resulting from accidents caused by the drunk driver should be extinguished by fire-fighting professionals only.

6.

While attending AA meetings as part of the drunk driver's court-ordered rehab, respect for property is generally valued over punctuality.

7.

The considerate drunk driver immediately dabs up any drool he dribbles on an arresting officer's shoes.

8.

The courteous drunk driver pukes BEFORE getting into his car.

9.

The thoughtful drunk driver waits for the paramedics to finish administering emergency medical care before inviting the pedestrians he's run over for a few "let's let bygones be bygones" drinks.

THE LIES OF TEXAS ARE UPON YOU DEPT.

GEORGE W. BUSH FACES

My fellow Americans, my Presidential coronation... uh, I mean, campaign...has been affected by rumors, innuendo and scurrilous fact. And so I have asked for this time to **address the public.**

I am here to deal with **allegations of past drug use** with full candor. I am here to answer the main question of the day. What is cocaine? It's defined as "**a white, bitter, crystalline alkaloid.**" Furthermore, I am stating here today in plain view of the voters, that its chemical composition is represented as $C_{17}H_{21}NO_4$. I trust that this fully answers the charges against me.

I cannot undo history. The George W. Bush of 1974 is not the George W. Bush of 2000. That first George W. Bush, man, was he a total burnout. You wouldn't **trust that hophead to walk your dog.** But the George W. Bush of 2000 is ready to lead this nation. And the George W. Bush of 2000 wholeheartedly supports the **phony, corrupt, unwinnable 'War on Drugs."** I support the words of Nancy Reagan: "Just say no comment."

Although the media is obsessed with **innuendo and gossip,** I believe that the regular person is simply **not interested.** And that's what I've told the last 275 people who asked me about this scandal **Nobody's interested.**

I hear these rumors, and I have **to snort.** I mean, laugh. It sickens me to see a **Presidential election tainted by politics.** My friends, this is a dirty, dirty game, and George W Bush just won't play. Not unless I can be the racecar. You guys can forget the thimble, or the top hat.

And so, I refuse to dignify these **unsavory accusations** by answering them. And I shall refuse to answer tomorrow. And I plan to call a press conference next Tuesday where I will **again refuse to answer.**

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER
WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN

THE DRUG ISSUE HEAD-ON!

All right, that's not working. Let me answer in this way. **I did not use drugs from October 2, 1970 through December 12th, then again from December 14 through the 30th.** Starting in 1971, I abused no drugs whatsoever in January, April, May, or September. August 1972 was another good month for George W. Bush. As for '73 and '74, I'm going to have to ask someone. **It's a total blur.**

I believe that my frank talk puts this foolishness behind me, and I can get on with the **important business** of shaking **soft money** out of my dad's friends. And the public agrees. They want to hear me talk about my policies.

The economy! Social Security! Education! Moving forward to the next century! **These are indeed things.** Did I mention "Social Security"?

The people want to hear my **positions on the issues.** And as soon as I get myself one of those, I will be discussing it

Okay, how about this one. I have "**made mistakes.**" But I never got caught...I mean, "I have **learned from my mistakes.**" Wink, wink. Get it?

To the **28,000 prisoners** in my own state of Texas who were arrested for cocaine in 1998, I would say this. **Follow my example.** Learn from your mistakes. Of course, I'll be learning from my mistakes while riding my private jet, while you'll be learning from your mistakes while kneeling in front of a **280-pound sociopath named Armond.** But it is from our differences that the American mosaic stays strong.

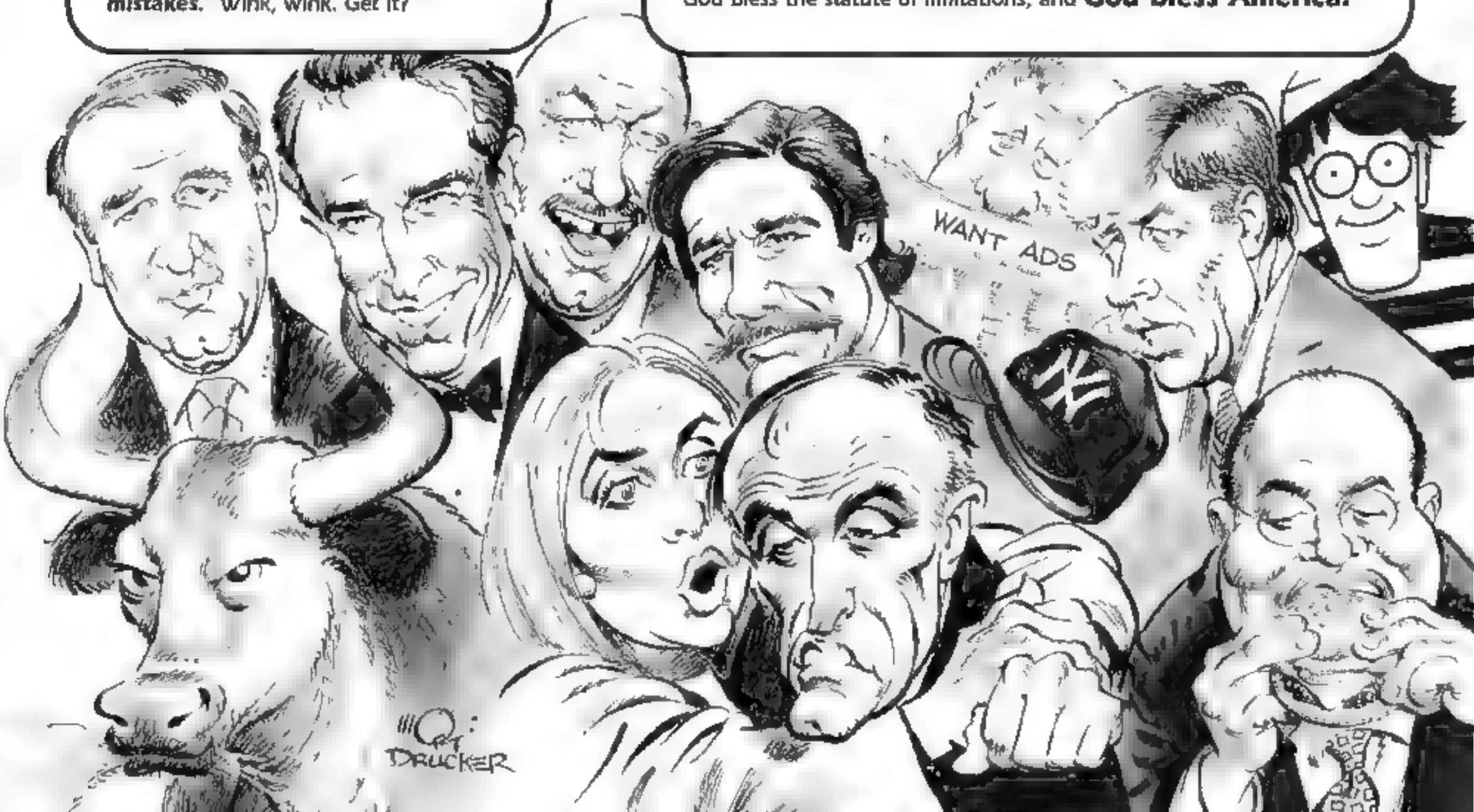
To those who would say that **America cannot trust a man** who hides his past, that America cannot accept a man who got rich quick on **insider deals,** that America cannot respect a man who **ducked military service** by getting his dad to put him in the **National Guard,** I have a simple answer. **Tax cuts! Tax cuts, tax cuts, tax cuts!** Vote for me, and there's a little something in it for you.

I believe in a **higher power** that protects us all. And that power is the **obscene privilege I was granted at birth.** God is pretty useful, too. And whatever mistakes I may have made, I have shown remorse and I have been forgiven. Yes, I have a "**Get Out of Hell Free**" **card.**

America needs a President of **character,** a President of **morality,** a President of **values.** And I will be all three of these Presidents. George W. Bush has a vision for America. Years ago, I had a shaky, double vision. Today, I am a **passed-out conservative.** Oh, sorry... **compassionate conservative.**

I can beat Bill Clinton in 2000. What? Clinton's not running anymore? That's okay...when you see the Republican TV ads, you'll sure think he is.

I end with this solemn pledge. **George W. Bush vows to rid this nation of drugs...** If necessary, **one ounce at a time!** God bless the statute of limitations, and **God bless America!**



GRIEVING LAS VEGAS DEPT.

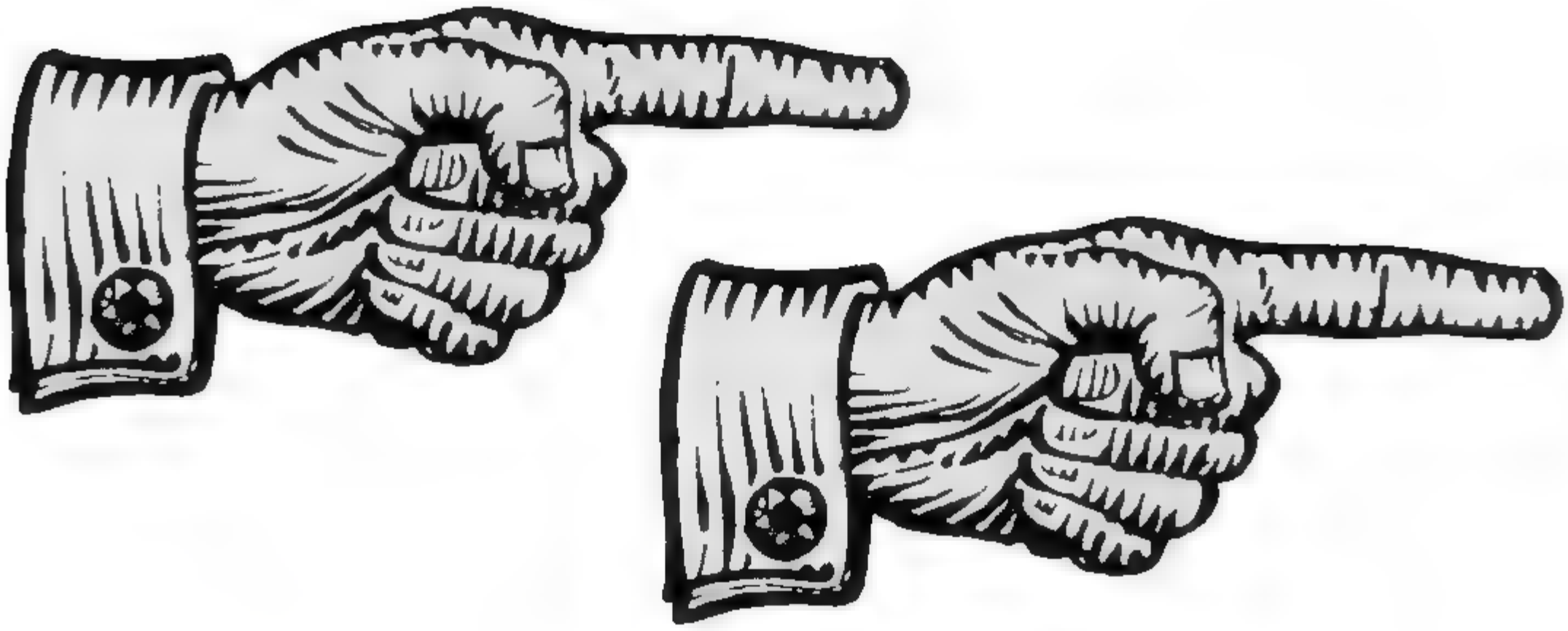
MAD's CELEBRITY CAUSE-OF-DEATH BETTING ODDS

Our team of crack oddsmakers gives you the latest Vegas line on how one of today's biggest stars will take his final victory lap!

THIS MONTH'S FUTURE EXPIRED DRIVER'S LICENSE HOLDER:

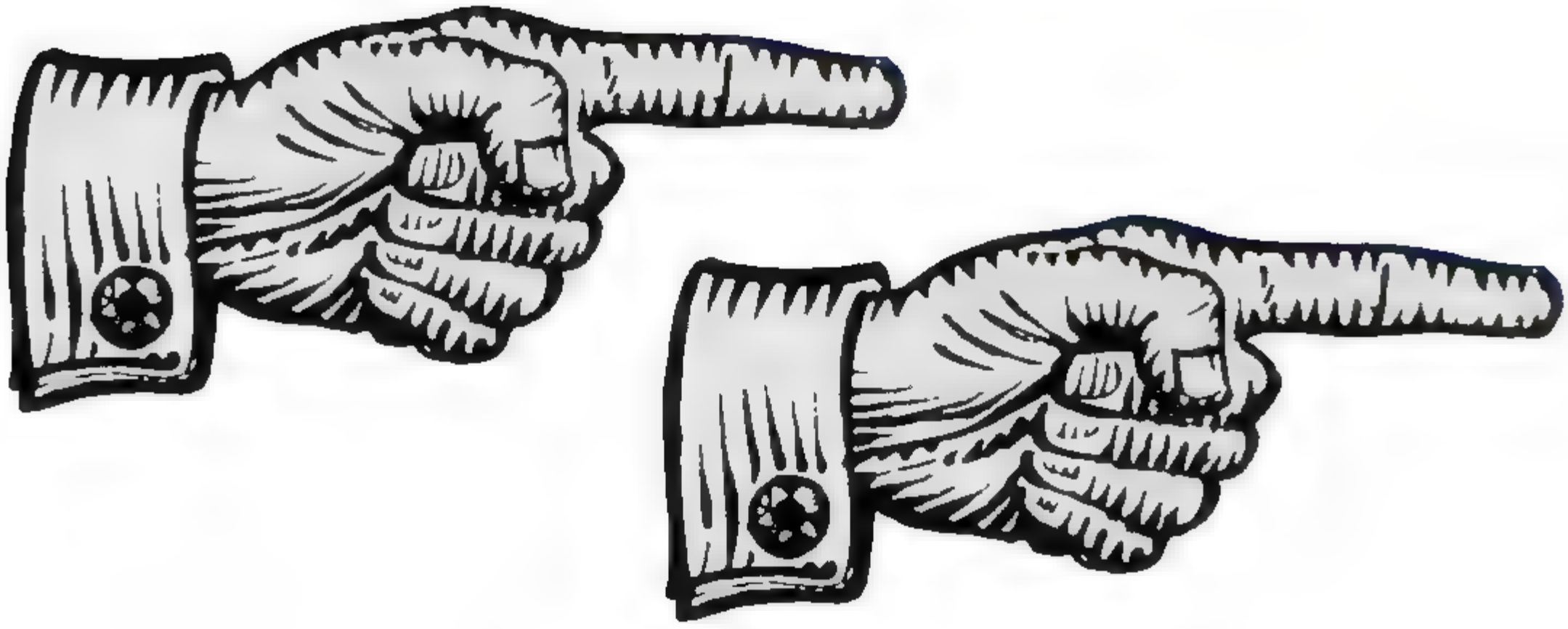
CAUSE OF DEATH	ODDS
Killed by race fan just plain tired of seeing the words "movie star looks" in his program	2:1
Crash caused by excessive weight of sponsor decals on car	5:1
Killed by jealous NASCAR fans for having all his teeth	7:1
Bladder explosion during race from drinking too much of his sponsor Pepsi's product before race	10:1
Fatal Carpal Tunnel Syndrome from excessive signing of "To Bubba, my biggest fan" in autographs	35,678,000,000:1

ARTIST: HERMANN MEJIA
WRITER: MIKE SNIDER



Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



WHAT GLOBAL TECHNOLOGY IS BOUND TO CREATE INCREASED DEATH AND INJURY?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

New inventions have always been met with mixed reviews. Some people applaud because they like to see progress, while other detractors wish for the simpler days long past. There is one ever-expanding invention that everyone sees as a curse. To find out what it is, fold page in as shown.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT

B FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"

MILLIONS OF CITIZENS ENJOY TECHNOLOGY WITH RELAXING CERTAINTY THAT IT'S SAFE. THEY FEEL BETTER OVERALL PHYSICALLY AND MENTALLY. BUT THERE ARE ALSO THE ONES WHO FEEL IT'S DANGEROUS. THEY WANT TO CURTAIL AND DRASTICALLY CONTROL SUCH THREATS TO OUR WAY OF LIVING

A

ARTIST AND WRITER: AL JAFFEE

B

WHAT GLOBAL TECHNOLOGY IS BOUND TO CREATE INCREASED DEATH AND INJURY?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A B FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"

MIXING
CELL
PHONES
AND
DRIVING

A B

A MAD Exclusive

BILL & HILLARY CLI

Fundraising Guest Bedroom — $50,000/night

First Lady's Lesbian Rumor Control Center

Legal Defens Donors Dinin

Rich, Powerful Washington Friends Entry

White Trash Arkansas Friends Entry

HIS Lip-Biting Practice Room

HER Believable Smile Practice Room

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE

Intern Entry

Intern Entry

Intern Entry

ARTIST: JAMES WARHOLA
WRITER: MIKE SNIDER

– The Floor Plan of
NTON'S NEW HOME

Fundraising Guest Bedroom — $75,000/night

People

MASTER BEDROOM

HIS Side

HER Side

Clothes Closet

Misplaced Legal Documents Closet

se Fund
g Room

$10,000-Coffee Maker

Library

Little Black Book Library

Deposition-Giving Room

Lawyer-Consulting Room

Ken Starr/ Newt Gingrich Archery Range

McDONALD'S

DUNKIN' DONUTS

BASKIN-ROBBINS 31 FLAVORS

A MAD MINI-POSTER